THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. *Coursing at Hatfield—An exquisite Engraving, by Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.*

II. *An Engraving—Representation of Cocks Sparring.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Culinarius is received; and, as we see no kind of occasion for adopting his ideas respecting the *emendaturis ignibus*, it shall appear in our next.

We beg leave once more to indicate to our Correspondents, that, to insure a speedy insertion of their favours, their payment of the postage of their letters is an indispensable custom.

Some of our Poetical Correspondents will perceive their communications in the present number.—In our next we hope to acquit ourselves of all arrears.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius pinxt. Scott sculp.

Coursing at Hatfield.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1805.

COURSING AT HATFIELD.

An exquisite Engraving.

From a Painting by the Younger Sartorius, engraved by Scott.

THE liberality of the Salisbury family, and the delightful domain of Hatfield, open upon public days for coursing, is spoken of as a charm, by the Sporting World.—The elegant and unaffected politeness of the Marchioness has likewise been the theme of universal praise, by all who have attended the meetings at this delightful spot.

The writer of this article has seldom found his way to Hatfield oftener than once in a season; and that on "Mr. Bryant's day," as it is called.—Mr. B. is the master of the Salisbury Arms Inn, at Hatfield, and is complimented with one separate and distinct day of coursing, in order to invite his friends to the sport, and afterwards to dine at his house. At one of these meetings, the subject of the accompanying Copper-plate occurred; and which, with the united efforts of the Younger Sartorius and Mr. Scott, is now laid before the Public.

SALE OF RACERS BY MR. J. WARDELL.

AT Newmarket, in October last, Mr. J. W. Wardell sold the following Horses, &c. to Mr. Fermor, viz.

	Guineas.
Bay Colt, by Pipator, out of Petrucio's dam, by Drone, 3 yrs old..	1500
Chesnut Colt, brother to Maidstone, by Beningbrough, 2 yrs old ..	1500
Bay Colt, Ploughboy, by Volunteer, out of Allegranti's dam, 2 yrs.	1500
Brown Filly, Orange-Girl, sister to Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina, three years old	1500

And in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Mr. J. W. Wardell sold Stretch, by Stride, after winning the Gold Cup, to Lord Foley, for 500gs.—He beat Eleanor, Lady Brough, Gratitude, and Tallboy, the Ditch-in Course.

MR. PANTON,

MR. PANTON, JOHN WOODCOCK, &c. &c.

THE following lines were written after the death of the late Thomas Panton Esq. who is supposed to be buried under the Devil's Ditch, at Newmarket.

SPORTSMEN, beneath this hillock lies
Long Tom, who once was call'd "Th' Arise:"
But in his latter days, God wot,
Was turned to a mere Tom Trot.
Grown old, as all must soon or late,
And tott'ring in his jockey state,
Death saw 'twas time to play his part,
And struck him with his fatal dart.
Oh! Tuting, Stamford, Woodcock, Larkin*,
Pray look out sharp for he'll be darking.
He watch'd the trials others made,
And still will follow the same trade;
And near the Devil's Ditch be seen
Gliding by moon-light, long and lean;
Oh! Tuting, Stamford, Woodcock, Larkin,
Pray look out sharp, for he'll be darking.

* Four celebrated Jockies and Trainers at Newmarket, and famous for their nice judgment in managing and riding Trials.

Mr. John Woodcock was the person who undertook to ride 2900 miles in twenty-nine successive days.—This match was made between the late Mr. Jenison Shafto and Mr. Meynell, for 2000 guineas.—Mr. Shafto was to engage a person to ride a hundred miles a day—on any one horse each day—for twenty-nine days together: to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine.—Mr. Woodcock started on the fourth of May 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished the performance on the first of June about six o'clock in the evening. The horses he rode were as follow, viz.

Horses.	1.	Mr Shafto's bay horse	1 *Days.*
	2.	Lord Chedworth's chesnut mare	3
	3.	Captain Winnyard's chesnut horse	2
	4.	Mr. Thistlethwaite's grey horse	3
	5.	Mr. Wildman's black mare	3
	6.	Mr. Woodcock's bay mare	2
	7.	Mr. Scott's bay mare	2
	8.	Lord Montfort's bay horse	2
	9.	Mr. Surrecolt's chesnut horse	1
	10.	Mr. Shafto's roan horse	2
	11.	Mr. Calcraft's chesnut horse	1
	12.	Mr. Rudd's chesnut mare	1
	13.	Mr. Welch's bay horse	3
	14.	Mr. Major's bay mare	3
			29

N. B. Mr. Major's mare did not begin one day till ten o'clock; Mr. Woodcock beginning in the morning with a horse called Quidnunc, by Squirt, and went about sixty miles by nine o'clock, and then tired afterwards he took Mr. Major's mare, to perform the hundred miles in the remaining part of that day which he accomplished about eleven o'clock

o'clock at night, which was the latest hour during the whole performance; so that he rod one hundred and sixty miles that day.

The course he rode was from the Hare-Park to the Ditch, which made three miles; from thence he went a three-mile course round the Flat, on that side of the Ditch next Newmarket.—There were posts and lamps fixed round the courses, he chosing to start very early in the mornings, to avoid the heat of the days.

SIR CHARLES BUNBURY'S STUD.

THE following is a List of the valuable Stud of Horses, &c. the property of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. at Great Barton, near Berry St. Edmunds, Suffolk, 1805.

STALLIONS.

1. Whiskey, by Saltram, out of Calash, by King Herod.
2. Sorcerer, by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess.
3. Young Whiskey, own brother to Eleanor, Clarissa, Julia, Lydia, &c.

BROOD MARES.

4. Amelia, by Highflyer, out of Miss Timms, by Match'em,
5. Orange-Bud, by Highflyer, out of Orange-Girl, by Match'em.
6. Theopha, own sister to Old Tatt, by Highflyer, out of Plaything, by Match'em.
7. Escape Mare, dam by Marc Antony.
8. Bay Mare, by Pharamond, out of Cælia, the dam of Shipton, Tickle Toby, &c.
9. Young Giantess, by Diomed, out of Giantess, by Match'em.
10. Laïs, by Diomed, out of Grace, by Snap.
11. Hoity-Toity, by Highflyer, dam by Goldfinder, out of Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel
12. Chesnut Mare, by Whiskey, out of Amelia.
13. Wouski, by Mentor, out of Maria, the dam of Waxy, Worthy, &c.

IN TRAINING AND YOUNG STOCK.

14. Eleanor, by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess.—Seven years old.
15. Lydia, own sister to Eleanor.—Three years old.
16. Chesnut Colt, by Whiskey, dam by Diomed, out of Jet.—Two yrs old.
17. Chesnut Colt, own brother to Eleanor, &c.—Two years old.
18. Bay Colt, by Whiskey, out of Laïs.—Two years old.
19. Bay Filly, own sister to Orlando, by Whiskey, out of Amelia.—Two yrs old.
20. Bay Filly, by Whiskey, out of Orange-Bud.—Two years old.
21. Bay Colt, by Whiskey, out of Hoity-Toity.—Two years old.
22. Bay Colt, own brother to Orlando.—One year old.
23. Colt, by Whiskey, out of Theopha.—One year old.
24. Colt, by Whiskey, out of the Escape Mare.—One year old.
25. Chesnut Colt, by Whiskey, out of the Pharamond Mare.—One yr old.
26. Filly, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia.—Dropped in 1805.

And several others foaled in 1805, got by Whiskey and Sorcerer.

In 1804 and 1805, Young Giantess missed to Whiskey, and in 1804, Laïs missed to the same Stallion.

PEDIGREE

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF DON QUIXOTE,

Own Brother to Corkskrew, Erasmus, Alexander, Poor Soldier, and Xantippe, (the Dam of John Bull, &c.)

THIS very celebrated Horse was got by Eclipse; his dam, Grecian Princess, (own sister to Grecian) by Mr. Cornforth's Forester, (son of Mr. Crofts's Forester); his grandam by the Coalition Colt, (son of the Godolphin Arabian); great grandam by Bustard, (own brother to Othello, Oroonoko, and the gelding Conqueror); great great grandam, Lord Leigh's Charming Molly, (own sister to Diana) by Second; Mr. Hanger's Brown Mare, by Stanyan's Arabian; Gypsy, (bred by Sir Ralph Milbanke) by King William's no-tongued Barb; Makeless, out of a Royal Mare.

DON QUIXOTE was bred by Lord Sherborne, who sold him to Captain Taylor; and at Basingstoke, June 21, 1787, He won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, (12 Subscribers), colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. one mile, beating Hautboy, Ash, Lively, Woodpigeon, and six others. At Winchester, July 5, He was beat by Nimble; beating Nina, and two others. He was then sold to His R. H. the Prince of Wales,—and

At Newmarket First October Meeting, 1788, DON QUIXOTE, (four years old) 7st. 6lb. beat Alexander, 6 years old, 8st. 10lb. Ditch-in, 200gs.—2 to 1 on Don Quixote. In the Second October Meeting, He beat Nimble, (same age) 8st. 7lb. each, across the Flat, 200gs.—7 to 4 on Don Quixote.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, 1789, He received a compromise from Meteor and Harpator.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1790, DON QUIXOTE, (six years old) 8st. 4lb. beat Highlander, aged, 7st. 12lb. across the Flat, 100gs.—2 to 1 on Don Quixote. In the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 9lb. He received 10gs. compromise from Shovel, 5 years old, 8st. R. M. 100gs. h. ft. At Ascot-Heath, at 8st. 2lb. In a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. the Two-Mile Course, He received forfeit from Mulberry, aged, 7st. 3lb.; and Maid of All-Work, 4 years old, 7st.—And in the same Meeting, at 8st. 8lb. He beat Highlander, aged, 8st. the New Mile, 100gs. At Newmarket First October Meeting, at 8st. 10lb. He beat Phäeton, 3 years old, 6st. 7lb. across the Flat, 200gs.—5 to 2 on Don Quixote.

At Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 1791, DON QUIXOTE (seven years old) at 9st. 5lb. beat Anthony, 2 years old, 6st. 3lb. the Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.—6 and 7 to 4 on Don Quixote. On the next day, at 9st. 10lb. He won 50l. for all ages, the last three miles of B. C. beating Charlotte, 2 years old, a feather; Pallafox, 4 years old, 8st. 9lb.; Harpator, aged, 9st. 10lb.; Mentor, aged, 9st. 10lb.; Exciseman, aged, 9st. 10lb.; Skyrocket, 5 years old, 9st. 3lb.; and six others;—5 to 2 against Don Quixote.—The winner was to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—Mr. Vernon, the owner of Charlotte, purchased him agreeable to the conditions, and afterwards sold him to Mr. Lade for 350gs.

At Stockbridge, June 26, 1792, DON QUIXOTE, (eight years old) He won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, (13 Subscribers) for aged horses, 9st. four miles, beating Grey Diomed, aged. At Winchester, July 4, He won a Sweepstakes

stakes of 10gs. each, (9 Subscribers) four miles, beating Eager, 4 years old, 8st. At Lambourn, August 16, He walked over for the Cup, value 80gs. four miles:—and on the same day, He walked over for a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, (6 Subscribers) for horses, &c. 12st. four miles. At Egham, Sept. 4, at 9st. 2lb. He won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (5 Subscribers) two miles, beating Glumdalca, 4 years old, 8st. 1lb.—5 to 2 on Don Quixote.

In 1793, He only started once, and was beat by Spider, Gunpowder, and Thalia, at Stockbridge.

At Canterbury, August 19, 1794, Don Quixote, 9st. 2lb. won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, (7 Subscribers) two miles, beating Mary, 3 years old, 6st. 11lb.; Hop-planter, 5 years old, 8st. 12lb.; and two others. And at Egham, Sept. 4, at 9st. 4lb. He won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, (6 Subscribers) for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. O'Hara's Cymbeline, 4 years old, 7st. 10lb.—7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on Cymbeline.

He was a Stallion at Cannon-Park, near Overton & Kingscleare, Hants, in 1796, at 3gs.; in 1797, 1798, and 1799 at 5gs. and 5s. a Mare; after which, at Mr. Haynes's Livery-Stables, Riding-House-Lane, Great Portland-Street, London, at 5gs. and 5s.; but in 1805, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.; and in 1806, He is stinted to 25 Mares, besides those of his Owner, at 20gs. each.

Don Quixote though a Horse of peculiarly fine action, with bone and powers sufficient to carry 20st. a good runner, and superior speed, served very few thorough-bred Mares until 1805, and those that were trained, proved winners, viz. Sancho, Miss Coiner, La Mancha, and Little Chance.

EXTRAORDINARY STEEPLE-RACE.

ON the last Wednesday in November came on for decision a match, which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which amongst that community is denominated a Steeple-Race—the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions, and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible. The contest lay between Mr. Bullivant of Sproxton, Mr. Day of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby of Waltham, and was for a sweepstakes of 100 guineas staked by each. They started from Womack's Lodge, at half-past twelve o'clock, (the riders attired in handsome jockey dresses of orange, crimson, and sky-blue, respectively worn by the gentlemen in the order we have named them above) to run round Woodal-head and back again—a distance somewhat exceeding eight miles. They continued nearly together, until they came within a mile and a half of the goal, when Mr. Bullivant—on his well-known horse, Sentinel—took the lead, and appearances promised a fine race between him and Mr. Day; but unfortunately in passing through a hand-gate, owing partly to a slip, Mr. Day's horse's shoulder came in full contact with the gate-post; the rider was thrown with great violence, and, as well as the horse, was much hurt. Nevertheless, Mr. Day remounted in an instant, and continued his course. Mr. Bullivant, however, during the interruption, made such progress as enabled him to win the race easily. The contest for a second place now became extremely severe between Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby: the last half mile was run neck and neck, and Mr. Day only beat his opponent by half a neck. The race was performed in 25 min. 32 seconds.

COURSING.

COURSING.

DEATH OF SNOWBALL.

IN the course of last week died, at the Wold Cottage, the celebrated Greyhound Snowball. He was the means of introducing, on the Wolds of Yorkshire, a species of Greyhound very superior to any thing that had before been seen there; and he became, in time, the sire of all the best dogs that are now running. The style of his own running never perhaps had an equal —either for speed or continuance. It is a fortunate circumstance for the Amateurs of Coursing, that Mr. Chalon, the celebrated Animal Painter, who has been in this county for some months past, taking portraits of Horses, &c. belonging to Lord Darlington, Sir Francis Boynton, Colonel Thornton, R. C. Burton, Esq. &c. &c. had taken a picture of Snowball a few days before his death. This picture, after being exhibited, is intended to be engraved, as a memorial of his excellence.

ANNUAL PIGEON SHOOTING AT ALCESTER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I BEG leave to send you a sketch of our Annual Match, which took place the 27th of last month at Alcester, when most of the Warwickshire amateurs attended. There was in general very capital shooting, as but few pigeons went away unhit. The company, to the amount of forty, afterwards dined together at the Apollo Inn, at Alcester, and spent a very convivial evening. Your's, &c. A MEMBER.

SHOOTERS.	NO. OF SHOTS.	No. kill'd.	First Ties.	Second Ties.	PRIZES.
J. Johnson	0 0 0 0 0 0 1	1	.....	...	....
H. Turner	0 0 0 1 0 0 0	1	.....	...	....
R. Hemming	1 1 0 0 0 1 0	3	.....	...	....
—— Chataway	0 0 0 1 1 0 0	2	.....	...	....
J. Osbourn	1 1 0 0 1 1 1	5	1 0 0	...	....
—— Wilson	1 1 0 0 0 1 1	4	.....	...	....
E. Pritchett	1 1 1 1 1 0 0	5	1 0 1	1 0	Silver Tankard.
J. Fowler	1 1 1 1 0 0 0	4	.....	...	....
J. Holyoke	1 0 1 1 0 1 1	5	1 0 1	0 0	....
J. Mann	0 1 1 1 0 1 1	5	1 0 0	...	....
T. Hemming	0 1 1 0 0 1 0	3	.....	...	....
—— Sylvester	0 1 0 0 0 0 0	1	.....	...	....
W. Johnson	1 1 0 1 0 1 1	5	1 0 1	1 1	Gun. ....
J. Milbourn	0 0 1 1 0 1 1	4	.....	...	....
B. Johnson	1 1 0 0 0 0 0	2	.....	...	....
—— Astall	1 0 1 0 0 0 0	2	.....	...	....
Lieut. Coberthwaite	0 1 0 0 0 1 1	3	.....	...	....
—— Hayes	0 1 0 0 0 0 0	1	.....	...	....
J. Williams	0 1 0 1 0 1 0	3	.....	...	....
J. Page	0 1 0 0 1 1 1	4	.....	...	....
—— Rock	1 0 0 1 0 0 1	3	.....	...	....
J. Smith	0 1 0 1 0 0 0	2	.....	...	....
J. Crookshanks	1 0 0 0 1 1 1	4	.....	...	....

A LIST

A LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR 1805.

The Horses, &c. were of the ages mentioned in this List, on May-Day, 1805.

(Continued from page 60 of our last.)

Years Old. BY BENINGBROUGH. *No. of Prizes.*

6 ORVILLE, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's, the Somerset Stakes of 525gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 210gs in specie, at Brighton; the King's Plate, and a Stakes of 100gs at Lewes 4

BY A BROTHER TO DRUID.

5 Recluse, Sir H. Lippincott's, received 30gs at Kingscote 1

BY BUZZARD.

3 Bay Colt, Sir W. W. Wynne's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Chester 1

4 Brainworm, Mr. D. Boyce's, a Stakes of 300gs, received 50gs, and won three Matches, viz. 50gs, 25gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket 5

4 Bustard, Mr. Ladbroke's, a Stakes of 300gs at Newmarket; a Handicap-Plate of 50l. at Brighton; a Stakes of 80gs, and the King's Plate at Canterbury; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 10gs in specie, a stakes of 150gs, and a Handicap-Plate of 50l. at Newmarket 7

3 Blue-Bell, Mr. Williams's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Stamford 1

4 Castrel, General Sparrow's, a Subscription-Plate of 50l. and a Stakes of 350gs, at Newmarket 2

3 Ches. Colt, (out of Vixen) Mr. Wilson's, received 100gs at Newmarket 1

2 Ches. Filly, (sister to Castrel) Mr. Wilson's, a 50l. Plate at Newmarket 1

3 Ches. Filly, (out of Camilla) Mr. Glover's, the second Class of the Prince's Stakes of 450gs at Newmarket 1

3 Christopher, Mr. Elwes's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket 1

3 Currycomb, Sir John Shelley's, a Stakes of 450gs, and a Match of 100gs, at Newmarket 2

7 Daisy, Lord C. H. Somerset's, a Stakes of 50gs. and a 50l. Plate, at Knighton 2

5 Dreadnought, Mr. Watson's, won six Matches, viz. 100gs, 50gs, 100gs, 100gs, 50gs, and 50gs, and received a 20gs forfeit, at Newmarket 7

3 Freedom, Mr. Jones's, received 200gs forfeit at Epsom 1

5 Jack-of-the-Green, Mr. Hurst's, a 50l. Plate at Cardiff 1

3 Junius, Mr. Jones's, a Match of 300gs at Newmarket; the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Cardiff; and three 50l. Plates at Swansea ... 5

4 Little Peggy, Mr. Dilly's, a 50l. Plate at Blandford; Mr. Herbert's, a Stakes of 50gs, and a 50l. Plate at Exeter; a Stakes of 175gs at Kingscote 4

4 Lynceus, Mr. Lake's, a Stakes of 250gs at Newmarket 1

4 Merryman, Duke of St. Albans's, a Match of 25gs, a Stakes of 150gs, and a Match of 50gs at Newmarket; Lord Barrymore's, a Match of 50gs a Newmarket; a Match of 100gs at Brighton; a Match of 100gs at Lewes; and a 50l. Plate at Reading 7

Years Old. *No. of Prizes.*

2 Miss Allerthorp, Mr. Mellish's, a Stakes of 120gs at Newmarket 1
2 Pantaloon, Mr. Wilson's, the July Stakes of 310gs, received 50gs, and won a match of 25gs at Newmarket.................. 3
7 Quiz, Mr. F. Neale's, a 50l. Plate, and the Surry Yeoman's Plate of 50l. at Epsom ; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 80gs in specie, at Reading ; and a 50l. Plate at Abingdon............ 4
3 Skirmisher, Gen. Grosvenor's, a Match of 100gs, received 35gs, and won a Match of 50gs at Newmarket 3
2 Superstition, Lord F. G. Osborne's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket... 1
4 Timidity, Mr. Golding's, a 50l. Plate at Chelmsford.......... 1

By CALOMEL.

5 Little John, Mr. Abbey's, a 50l. Plate at Newmarket ; Lord Barrymore's, a 50l. Plate at Reading; a 50l. Plate at Egham ; and two 50l. Plates at Beccles 5

By CARDOCK.

5 Burdock, Mr. G. Bowes's, the Hunters' Stakes of 50gs at Abingdon.. 1

By CAUSTIC.

3 Pet, Mr. Bacon's, a 50l. Plate at Newbury.................. 1

By CHANCE (a Son of Javelin).

6 Lothario, Lord F. Bentinck's, walked over for the Welter Stakes of 190gs, won a Match of 50gs, and a Match of 25gs at Bibury ; a Hunters' Stakes of 100gs at Bridgenorth; a Hunters' Stakes of 60gs at Nottingham ; and a Match of 50gs at Kingscote.. 6

By CHARIOT.

4 Young Chariot, Sir W. Gerard's, a Handicap Stakes of 200gs at York August Meeting ; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, and received 20l. at Richmond ; and won a Stakes of 70gs at Northallerton.................................. 4

By COINER.

3 Little Coiner, Mr. Hyde's, a Match of 60gs at Ascot-Heath... 1

By CORIANDER.

8 Aniseed, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, received 100gs at Bibury... 1
3 Gloriana, Lord Stawell's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket ; and a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Ascot-Heath............... 2
4 Hippocampus, Lord Foley's, two Matches, viz. 100gs and 200gs, and received 150gs, at Newmarket......................... 3
Ag. Lemonsqueezer, Mr. Richardson's, the King's Plate, and Huntsmen's Plate of 50l. at Ascot-Heath ; and the City Silver Bowl at Salisbury.. 3
5 Little Joey, Mr. Mellish's, a Match of 50gs at Bibury........ 1
8 Marcia, Mr. Garforth's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 70gs in specie, at Newcastle ; one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at York August Meeting ; the Doncaster Stakes of 180gs at Doncaster ; and walked over for a Stakes of 160gs, at Malton, in October......... 5
3 Performer, Mr. Panton's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket..... 1

3 Swinley,

Years Old.		No. of Prizes.
3	Swinley, General L. Gower's, two Stakes, viz. 300gs and 200gs, also a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Newmarket	3
	By DELPINI.	
4	Evander, Mr. Garforth's, the King's Plate at York August Meeting	1
4	Gayman, Lord Stamford's, a Stakes of 60gs at Bridgenorth; a Stakes of 93l. 10s. at Ludlow; and three 50l. Plates, viz. at Worcester, Lichfield, and Leicester	5
3	Grey Colt, (out of Dapple's dam) Mr. J. Mason's, a Match of 100gs at Richmond	1
6	Hessle, Colonel King's, the Hunter's Stakes of 150gs at Lincoln	1
4	Priscilla, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, a Stakes of 120gs at Pontefract; and a 50l. Plate at Northallerton	2
5	Saxoni, Mr. G. Hutton's, a Stakes of 90gs at Skipton; and the Stand Plate of 50l. at York Spring Meeting	2
3	Sir Launcelot, Sir M. M. Skykes's, a Stakes of 60gs at Malton Craven Meeting; and a Stakes of 100gs at Beverley	2
4	Vesta, Mr. Garforth's, a Stakes of 140gs at York Spring Meeting; a Stakes of 275gs, and one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting	3
	By DON QUIXOTE.	
3	Artichoke, Mr. Forth's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Canterbury	1
4	La Mancha, Colonel Kingscote's, a Match of 25gs at Bibury; a Stakes of 80gs, and the Ladies' Plate of 50l. at Worcester	3
4	Miss Coiner, Mr. W. Fenwick's, a 50l. Plate at Epsom; a Stakes of 145gs, and a 50l. Plate at Ascot Heath; a 50l. Plate at Stockbridge; a 50l. Plate at Winchester; two 50l. Plates at Blandford; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 50gs in specie, at Oxford; and recd 10gs being second for the Cup at Egham	9
4	Sancho, Mr. Mellish's, recd 200gs at Newmarket; and won a Match of 1000gs at Brighton; a Match of 3000gs, and one of 200gs at Lewes; and a Match of 500gs at Newmarket	5
	By DRIVER.	
3	Dora, Mr. Ladbroke's, a Stakes of 50gs at Newmarket	1
Ag.	Pigmy, Mr. S. Lushington's, the Kentish Hunters' Stakes of 60gs at Canterbury	1
	By DUBSKELPER.	
Ag.	Dubskelper, Mr. Burton's, received 400gs at Catterick-Bridge	1
	By FORTUNIO.	
3	Parson Horne, Mr. Hurst's, received 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. R. M. Philipps's, received 50gs at Ascot-Heath; Mr. Hurst's, won a 50l. Plate at Haverford-West	3
	By GAY, (a Son of Surley.)	
Ag.	You-know-me, Duke of Richmond's, the Hunters' Plate of 50gs at Goodwood	1
	By GEORGE, (a Son of Dungannon.)	
3	Georgiana, Lord Grey's, the Ladies' Purse of 50l. at Chester; Lord Stamford's, a 50l. Plate at Bridgenorth	2
	By GLAUCUS.	
4	Ches. Poney, Mr. Harris's, the Poney Stakes of 130gs at Manchester; Mr. Bayley's, a Match of 200gs at Doncaster	2

Years Old.	BY GOHANNA.	No. of Prizes.
3	Cardinal Beaufort, Lord Egremont's, the Derby Stakes of 1250gs at Epsom; the Pavilion Stakes of 150gs, and a Match of 200gs at Brighton	3
2	Jerboa, Lord Egremont's, a Stakes of 275gs at Egham	1
3	Prodigal, Lord Egremont's, a Stakes of 90gs at Brighton	1
2	Wretch, Mr. D. Boyce's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket	1
	BY GOUTY.	
3	Bay colt, (out of Mademoiselle) Mr. Lake's, a Stakes of 70gs at Epsom	1
3	Grassini, General Grosvenor's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket	1
	BY GROUSE.	
2	Bay Colt, (out of Peppermint) Mr. Watson's, a Match of 25gs at Newmarket	1
3	Bay Colt, (out of Dreadnought's dam) Mr. Watson's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket	1
5	Duckling, Mr. Skinner's, a Stakes of 60gs at Taunton; a Handicap-Plate of 50l. at Reading; a 50l. Plate at Warwick; the King's Plate at Lichfield; and a 50l. Plate at Walsall	5
4	Lumbago, Mr. Wastell's, won a Match of 50gs, received 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket; Duke of Grafton's, won a Match of 50gs at Newmarket	4
	BY GUILDFORD.	
3	Dudley, Mr. Ladbroke's, a Stakes with a Plate added thereto, making together 86l. 15s. at Abingdon	1
5	Gipsey, Mr. Emden's, won a Match of 100gs at Epsom; and received 10gs at Egham	2
2	Quarter-Master, Mr. Durand's, received 25gs at Epsom	1
4	Woodcot, Mr. Branthwayt's, received 25gs at Newmarket; won a 50l. Plate at Ascot-Heath; the Cup, value 50l. and a 50l. Plate at Southampton	4
	BY HAMBLETON.	
3	Silverheel, Mr. Wentworth's, a Stakes of 80gs at Catterick-Bridge	1
	BY HAMBLETONIAN.	
3	Puss, Sir J. Shelley's, received 80gs at Newmarket	1
	BY HAMMER.	
4	Allsteel, Mr. Harris's, received 20l. at Manchester; and won the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Newton	2
	BY HUBY.	
Ag.	Hudibras, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, a Stakes of 140gs at Malton Craven Meeting	1
Ag.	Rinaldo, Mr. W. Burrell's, the Subscription-Purse of 50gs, and a Handicap-Plate of 50gs at Goodwood	2
	BY HYPERION.	
4	Angelica, Lord Boringdon's, received 100gs at Exeter	1
	BY JOHN BULL.	
5	Albion, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, a Stakes of 700gs at Brighton; and a Stakes of 400gs at Lewes	2

4 Agincourt,

Years Old. *No. of Prizes.*

4 Agincourt, Lord Grosvenor's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket; General L. Gower's, a Match of 50gs at Newmarket 2

6 Captain Absolute, Lord Foley's, won a Stakes of 100gs, received 5gs, won the Free Handicap Stakes of 250gs, a 50l. Plate, and a Match of 200gs at Newmarket 5

4 Jack Tar, Mr. Tarleton's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, and a Stakes of 120gs at Chester 2

6 Margery, Mr. Abbey's, a Stakes of 70gs at Winchester; and a 50l. Plate at Oxford 2

2 Norah, Lord Grosvenor's, a 50l. Plate at Newmarket......... 1

6 Northampton, Duke of St. Albans's, a Match of 25gs, and received 15gs at Bibury.................................. 2

3 Plantagenet, Lord Grosvenor's, received 100gs (being second for the Derby Stakes) at Epsom; and won the July Stakes of 400gs at Newmarket 2

4 Vandal, Lord Grosvenor's, a Handicap Stakes of 50gs at Chester; the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Knutsford; and a 50l. Plate at Worcester... 3

3 Violantè, Lord Grosvenor's, a 50l. Plate; the Town Plate of 50l. with Mr. Perram's 20gs added, (in July); the Town Plate of 50l. with Mr. Perram's 30gs added, (in October); a Match of 100gs; and the October Oatlands' Stakes of 360gs at Newmarket 5

By JUPITER.

Ag. Bay Devil, Lord Middleton's, the Welter Stakes of 80gs at Beverley 1

5 Norval, Mr. Andrews's, won two Hunters' Stakes, viz. 155gs and 60gs, and received 80gs at Northampton; won a Hunters' Stakes of 170gs at Warwick; a Hunter's Stakes of 110gs at Lichfield; a Match of 100gs, received twice 35gs, and won a Match of 25gs at Newmarket......................... 9

By KING FERGUS.

5 Ferguson, Mr. Peirse's, one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d, at York August Meeting; Lord Darlington's, the Gold Cup, value 150gs at Pontefract 2

By MAGNUMBONUM.

Ag. Six-and-Eightpence, Mr. Acklom's, a Handicap Stakes of 120gs at Beverley... 1

By METEOR.

3 Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, received 100gs at Newmarket; won the Oaks' Stakes of 775gs at Epsom; a Stakes of 145gs at Ascot-Heath; a Match of 50gs at Newmarket; walked over for the Queen's Plate at Chelmsford; won a Subscription of 140l. and a Match of 100gs at Newmarket.............. 7

4 Mony-Musk, Lord Grosvenor's, a 70l. Plate at Manchester 1

By MAGIC.

3 Mountaineer, Mr. Cave Browne's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. and a 50l. Plate at Derby 2

(To be continued.)

A RAMBLE

In and about Portsmouth, Portsea, & the Villages.

The Prospect—The Naval Pillar—Portsmouth Town—The Church—The Fate of Buckingham—Temporary Impositions—Tyrrie's Head—Portsea—The Dock Yard—The Villages—Loss of the Royal George.

From hills gay spread with everlasting green,
I mark old Ocean terminate the scene;
Vast floating tow'rs my eager eyes survey,
All glorious glitt'ring in the beams of day;
Capacious ports, inviting foreign trade,
Where all the treasures of the world's display'd;
Well mounted forts, along the shores, adorn,
And laugh invading enemies to scorn:
All these I view, and sing with raptur'd breast,
O happy Britain! thou'rt supremely blest.

THE PROSPECT,

THE road from London to Petersfield is, at least three parts of it, one dull flat with little variety, which beglooms the traveller's mind; who, by the time he mounts the hill of Portsdown, becomes impatient for a change. The moment he caps the summit, the transition is effected—he is taken by surprise, and the multiplicity of new objects occasion him for a moment to doubt if the vast group his eye has to encounter be real or delusive. As recollection steps between his fairy fancy and his reason, he becomes faster rivetted to the spot; the vast expansion of waters, Vecta's beautiful island, the almost insulated towns at his feet, remnants of delapidated castles half hid beneath their coats of ivy, Chichester cathedral and Langston harbour, numerous fortifications, the immensity of shipping moving on the tide, with the King's fleets riding at their anchors; and, above all, the well-cultivated lands, reflecting their variegated produce; all these objects, I say, breaking at once upon his sight, makes him instantly forget the tediousness of his journey, and he exclaims with rapture—

My spirits mount, dull indolence begone,
This is a prospect worth the looking on.

And, thus delighted, he descends in good humour to the shores of the first port in England, of which, and its surrounding beauties, I shall presently give you some account; but first wait a moment to say something of the late projected scheme to raise a

NAVAL PILLAR.

It was on this hill of Portsdown the nation gratefully proposed to erect a Naval Column, to transmit to far distant ages the victories of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. A subscription was entered upon with great spirit, and a committee appointed to conduct the laudable undertaking; the genius of Britain was invited to expand his ideas, and men of the first professional ability came forward at the call; the walls of our national academy were presently covered with efforts of the most brilliant fancy; but alas! from a cause I am not permitted to name, the whole plan fell an abortion, and was thrust under the rubbish of ingratitude and neglect, while the state gave a large purse to a fool for inventing a whirligig, and another to a visionary, for introducing a new species of scrofula or cow-mange, to mingle with the blood of future generations. In spite of forgetfulness, the fame of these great men will shine gloriously on the columns of the historic muse, when the members of the committee shall dissolve like hail stones on a hill

hill of sand, to amalgamate with a soil unproductive as their pretensions.

From the neglected hill of Portsdown you pass a military guard, enter the Island, and presently arrive at

PORTSMOUTH TOWN.

Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport; or, as they are here called, the Three Towns, taken together, are of considerable magnitude. I know of no better figure to bring them nearer to your understanding, than to place a leg of the compass in the centre of the harbour, and strike a circle of six miles diameter; within this area, are the three towns and their appendages, the waters that encompass them, and many other objects worthy the pen of description.—Portsmouth is a town the best secured from invasion of any place in all England, and is called by many writers the key of Britain; it has its glacis and covered way, and is surrounded with a deep fosse, which in half an hour may be filled with water to the depth of eight feet; the whole stands on the S. W. angle of an insulation, called Portsea-Island, 14 miles in circumference, and though but a dead flat, by no means unhealthy. Within the walls of the town are many things well worth a traveller's attention; the ramparts near Spithead are beautifully planted with wide spreading trees, affording comfortable shelter in the summer season; the look-out towards the sea is charming indeed; you have a western extension to the waters of Southampton and the harbour of Cowes; and from thence along the shores of the Isle of Wight to St. Helen's, southward; while the eye is diverted with a thousand floating objects, till it is agreeably lost in the British Channel. Turning northward, you behold an expansive sheet of water, called the Harbour, full four miles deep from the entrance to the village of Fareham, a lake competent to lay up all the navy of England; and where it may be perfectly secure from storms on every point of the compass. In this interesting view you take in the whole of Gosport, the Dock Yard, the King's brewhouse, the ruins of Porchester Castle, and many other splendid objects. Here is a duputy governor and a garrison, but the civil government is administered by a mayor and corporation; and this borough sends two members to the great assembly of the nation. The platform is capacious, and mounted with four 42-pounders and twenty-eight 6-pounders—You afterwards pass a long line of works. To the eastward is the Queen's battery, mounted with four 42-pounders, all brass ordnance, taken in one of our French wars from Cherbourg; these are finely sculptured, and were founded in 1703, when the Count de Toulouse, a field-marshall of France, was at the head of their ordnance. Beyond this battery, also, is a triangular redoubt of six 42-pounders; and all these, with the block-house opposite, secure the entrance to the harbour with such certainty, that no hostile ship can pass without destruction.

The town consists of five long well-built parallel streets; in St. Thomas's is the post office; and in the main street the market, of which I have but little to say in commendation. Here are a few very good inns; and houses of infamy in abundance—Oyster-Street, to-wit, for such as are denominated gentlemen; and the back of the Point for the untutored tar, while he has more money than discretion. At the top of the main street is a very shabby theatre, where the performers "Out-Herod, Herod." Having seen the great

great Garrick in all his excellencies, you probably may think me fastidious; but were you to behold the K...., the S...., and the C...., of this miserable barn, you would not hesitate to pronounce the whole a burlesque upon decency. At the bottom is the King's slaughter house, from which the fleets, when in port, are supplied with fresh provisions. In the outer wall of this building, looking towards the town-house, is a very good brazen bust of Charles the First, with an inscription, signifying, that after his travels through France, and into Spain, he landed here in October 1632.

The next object for attention is

THE CHURCH.

It consists of a good square tower, within which is a tuneful ring of bells, and without, a clock of great magnitude, perfectly discernible from Priory Hill, in the Isle of Wight—a distance of more than seven miles—and over this a commodius lanthorn, affording a fine look-out for the discernment of ships coming round St. Helen's Point, and steering for this port.—Above this is a smaller lanthorn finishing with an excellent figure of a man of war, well gilt, and moveable with the smallest breath of wind. The interior part of this church is capacious, but rather mean. I was informed of a piece of antiquity within this sacred edifice, held in much estimation by the people, and called by them a great curiosity; it is an urn placed in the very centre of the altar, containing the heart of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. I went on purpose to behold this thing, and was greatly disappointed; it is a contemptible object, and appeared to me like a seaman's gin cag set end upwards upon a broken candlestick, and all the sculpture about it below the adornments of a Dutch toy, or those sometimes lavished on the whistles of a Highland bagpipe. The organ is a poor instrument, and the performer thereon, I may safely swear, was neither pupil to Pepuis, Handel, or Correlli. Here are two stone coffins, above ground and near the table, said to contain the bodies of two ambassadors, who died while they were waiting for embarkation.

But allow me return to my remarks on the

FATE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The town of Rochelle being at this time—1628—closely besieged by the French King, the Sovereign of England had prepared a fleet for its relief, and the Duke of Buckingham, who was to have the command, was now at Portsmouth; but when going to embark, he was stabbed to the heart with a knife, and immediately expired. The Mucius Scævola, as he was called by the Independents, was John Felton, a lieutenant in the King's service; who, when asked what could induce him to commit a deed so bloody, replied with the utmost composure, that as the Commons of England had declared against the Duke, he looked upon Buckingham as the greatest enemy to his country; and that he had done a service to her no good man should be ashamed to perform. The manner in which Felton perpetrated this foul murder has been variously related; the following I believe to be the most correct, because Clarendon and Rapine give it their concurrence:—

As the Duke, who was a tall figure, was going out of his chamber, Lieutenant Felton ran to the door, and made as if he went out of respect to Buckingham, to hold up the curtain that covered the entrance; at this moment the Duke stooping to speak in a low voice to

Sir

Sir Thomas Fryar, who was a very short man, the assassin caught his opportunity, and stabbed Buckingham through the heart. Felton did not attempt to escape in haste, he went to the street calmly, and no one of the attendants knew directly the hand that struck the fatal blow; at last, perceiving a man walking without a hat, he was taken on suspicion, and no way offering to excuse the guilt, was tried for the murder, and executed on the South-Sea Beach, a spot that had for ages been the theatre of human dissolution.

The most remarkable execution that has taken place here since the fate of Felton, was that of

DAVID TYRIE.

During the American war, I think about the year 1781, Tyrie was found guilty of high treason, and ordered for execution on the South-Sea Beach; during the time of his imprisonment, a nicknacktarian of Gosport waited on poor David, and thinking the head of the condemned man a good thing for a speculation, thus addressed him—"Mr. Tyrie, as you are shortly to be executed, and your body dismembered, if you will consent to sign this conveyance of your head to my use and disposal, here are ten of the best guineas in England for you." Mr. Tyrie consented, took the money, and the nicknacktarian having made a good bargain, as he conceived, presently purchased a glass bee-hive, under which he proposed to exhibit the *caput* of the criminal; but talking too loudly of his expected advantages before possession, the executioner determined to forestal him, and absolutely ran off with the head immediately after the ceremony of decapitation was performed, advertising the same to be seen in Portsmouth at one shilling each person.—A most fortunate occurrence for the hangman, there being at that time 32 sail of men of war at Spithead, and hardly a seaman in the fleet but made a little holyday to see the head of the traitor.

For this piece of jockeyship, the bauble-buyer, full of revenge, brought his action against the executioner to recover damages.

"The gall of revenge, and the surplus of fools feed the lawyers."—The case was to have been tried at Winchester, and was absolutely called on, when a young counsellor arose, and addressed the court, saying he conceived the action could not fairly lie against his client, because Tyrie, having been found guilty of high treason, his whole body was forfeit to the law; therefore, of course, his head could not be at his own disposal. The court were of the same opinion; and thus the poor nicknacktarian was twice defeated: first, in his speculations; and lastly, in the attempt to recover damages from the hangman.

Before I pass the town fosse, I cannot suppress my inclination to say something of the

TEMPORARY IMPOSITIONS

Practised in these towns. The people are not inaptly compared to lawyers—they have their terms and their vacations—their busy time is while the fleets are at Spithead, and now, like all sailors after a becalmed passage, they catch every breeze to fetch up their lee way. All they do and all they say is directed to one selfish point, the most barefaced or gross imposition. When Portsmouth is without a fleet, then is their vacation, and a traveller may expect to find some kind of civility and attention; for, the publicans having but little to do, they soon

soon become humble as a bitch-spaniel with a whip over her back, but not half so honest. I beg to be understood, I mean victuallers, and all such as depend upon the hurly-burly of fleet fair. Abstracted from this description of beings, I have met persons of the gentlest dispositions, and of the highest honour, possessing in full

"That warm spirit which pervades all good men."

There is nothing a Portsmouth publican likes to handle like—as it is here called—a fresh gurnet with a pudding in his belly; meaning a sailor, who has just received his pay, and has more cash in his pocket than wit in his sconce; they are never off their guard, and their fingers are always itching to be in your purse; they have no idea of generosity, and you may as well look for a magpie in the moon, or fish in a fresh river for a salt herring, as to expect liberality in a Portsmouth publican. Their watermen, if possible, are more mercenary. I went to the Point to procure a boat to take me on board the Alexander, when one of the ferrymen hailed me—I asked him how much he would expect to take me to the ship, about a furlong from the shore? It was fleet fair, and he demanded half-a-guinea. I offered him half-a-crown, when the salt-water savage bid me stay where I was, and be ———, which must have been the case, if two naval gentlemen, going off in their own boat, had not witnessed the brutality, and kindly took me to the object of my desires.

PORTSEA,

Better known by the name of the Common, is separated from Portsmouth by a capacious lake of water made to turn the King's flour mills. The town is protected on the land side with fortifications and sally-ports of a novel nature, said to be the plan of his Grace of Richmond, while master of the ordnance.—These form a circumvallation, extending from without the dock yard northwardly to meet the ditch of the walls of Portsmouth eastwardly. The whole of these lines rise more than twenty feet above the level, defended by a fosse, and sheltered by a fine quick-hedge instead of a parapet-wall of stone; forming a wide and extensive walk, from which the beauties of the surrounding country appear particularly interesting; insomuch, that it may be called with truth the finest town promenade in all England. Many objections have been made to the quick-set fence, as a thing of no import in the time of a siege; but the projector asserts that its utility in such extremes will exceed that of a stone wall, because a shot from without, through the quick, will only wound the object before it; whereas a ball striking on stone always spreads splinters around it, and kills and wounds more with these fragments than a point-blank shot.—Here are two beautiful gates, with draw-bridges; one at the entrance from Portsdown, called the Lion Gate, because in the pediment above, the British lion is sculptured, grasping the naval flag; the other, at some distance northerly, is called the Unicorn Gate, from that supporter being in a similar situation. Portsea is larger than Portsmouth, consisting of many very good parallel streets, mostly inhabited by artificers belonging to his Majesty's yard. It has its St. George's Square, several commodious quays for traffic, and chapels for public devotion, and, above all, passing through its centre, one grand avenue, called

called Queen-street, well filled with tradesmen's shops, many of which equal the prime show-shops of London. This street reaches from the Lion Gate to the Hard, or Harbour, and is reckoned more than half a mile in its extension, finishing directly in front of the principal gates of the

KING'S DOCK YARD,

A great national beauty, and as convenient as necessity can construct it. It contains many wet docks of great capacity, one of which is capable of receiving two first rates at a time; and such, I am informed, is the dexterity of the workmen, that five ships may be docked and cleaned every day; so that a fleet of thirty sail may be refitted in a fortnight, take in their guns and stores at their anchors in the harbour; and, when ready, be at sea in half and hour. These docks and yards, taken in several points of view, resemble a distinct town. It is wonderful to behold the quantity of naval stores, and the exact order in which every thing is laid up; so correct are those whose duty it is to look after these things, that any article can be found by them at the shortest notice, and without a candle in the darkest night. The rope-house is full a quarter of a mile in length, and some of the cables manufactured in it require an hundred men to work them. The labour is so hard, that they can only work four hours in a day. The number of men employed is not less than a thousand, yet there is no confusion—the whole is systematically arranged, and very pleasant to the beholder. It was with much difficulty I obtained admittance to this curious dépot of industry. A reputable tradesman of the town procured me the commissioner's order, after assuring him my intentions were perfectly honourable.—This caution is highly commendable, since incendiaries are always to be dreaded; and the least relaxation from this kind of duty, would no doubt produce another John the Painter. It is exceedingly pleasant when the dinner bell strikes, to behold the workmen issue from their labour, and to hear the watermen upon the Hard, hail those whose habitations are on the Gosport side. You would think the place besieged by an enemy, from the strange sounds and confusion that surrounds you; but this bustle is of very short duration, for in less than ten minutes all is as quiet as a long-depopulated city.

I shall now turn awhile from these scenes of industry, to speak of some lesser beauties within the diameter of my compass, called

THE VILLAGES,

Delightfully situated in this neighbourhood. They are many, and particularly well calculated for health and retirement; the Barracks of Hillsea, for the latter; and Southwick, both for health and longevity. It was at this place where that imbecile whirligig of Fortune's pleasures, the Sixth Henry, first received and married Margarate, daughter of the Duke of Anjou; a princess of the most noble mien, and of exquisite beauty, with a spirit as masculine as Semiramis; while he, poor fool, was too timid for a distaff.—Wimmering has its charms; but Cosham possesses many surrounding beauties, and so pleasantly ventilated by the saline breezes, that it was remarked to me, that out of five broken constitutions which came there for recovery, four returned whole. From Portsdown Hill, I descended to the quiet hamlet

 of

of Kingston; and having a great desire to visit its celebrated plot for mortality, I entered that consecrated place; and after contemplating many tablets of sober import, came to one raised by the mingled purses of friendship, piety, and pity, in commemoration of the late brave Admiral Kempenfelt, and the nine hundred British seamen, who perished on the 27th of August, 1782, in a moment the most unexpected, from an unpardonable inattention in the gunner and his mates; for, while the workmen were careening the bottom of the Royal George, it was found necessary to give her a heel, when, the lower ports being open, and the guns on the opposite side not secured, they rolled to the inclined part; and the ship instantly dipped, filled, and sunk in thirteen fathom water, about a cable's length N. W. of the buoy of the Edgar. The circumstance was greatly lamented by the nation at large, and a bard of that day, from sentiments of the most gentle nature, commemorates the catastrophe in the following little ode—

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

God of the wave saline,
Who, with thy triple prong
Can rouse the slumb'ring flood,
Why, when with aspect trine,
The planetory throng
Boded for Britain's good,
Didst thou imperious send thy vengeance forth,
Leagu'd with the steril tyrant of the blasting north?

Yes, with yellow eye,
Bleak Boreas from his cave
Beheld our navy ride,
And call'd his minions nigh;
Tis thus to be a slave,
And bend to lordly pride!
"Go hence," he cried, "and where yon gaudy streamers play,
O'erwhelm their mirth with sudden horrors and dismay."

The jocund sailor smil'd,
After an absence long,
And clasp'd the fair he lov'd;
The parent met the child,
With her affections strong,
While Time with rapture mov'd.
Their golden pay the hardy tars had just possess'd,
And now were sporting in a way they thought the best.

T' obey their tyrant's will,
The rushing winds assail,
And in a moment's space,
Mocking all human skill,
The ruthless pow'rs prevail,
And desolate the place.
All that was pure affection, and supreme delight,
Sunk in one short-liv'd moment to eternal night.

At such a tale of unexampled woe
Shall not the sacred tear of friendship flow?
Yes—the full heart shall fill the pitying eye,
And from the bosom's depth discharge the sigh.

Long for her sons the Queen of Isles shall feel
A pang more sharp than ever dealt the victor's steel;
Yet shew her foes that she can firmly bear
Her mournful loss without the least despair.

Still fam'd, she sits amidst surrounding rocks,
And bears with fortitude severest shocks;
And, while to crush her, distant nations cope,
Her blest religion teaches her to hope.

Another Kempenfelt shall rise,
As good, as valiant, and as wise,
Thro' war's deep sanguin'd scenes to run;
Again shall rise a jovial crew,
As brave for Britain, and as true,
To manage and supply the gun.

Her shipwrights to their task shall fall,
And quickly frame the wooden wall;
More close the smith attend his forge,
So that as Time leads up the hours,
Portsmouth, among her white-wing'd tow'rs,
Shall hail again her Royal George.

T. N.

BOXING.

O'DONNEL AND EMERY.

IT was stated, that prior to the fight between the Game Chicken and Belcher, one of lesser note was about to take place, between O'Donnel, a pugilist of notoriety, and a plaisterer of the name of Emery, who once beat his opponent in a casual *rencontre*. The fight took place on Tuesday, the third instant, in Chelsea Fields, for a purse made by the friends of the parties; and the result proved a salutary warning to those who rested with the idea, that superior strength and size are sufficient to make them become bruisers, and a barrier against the scientific skill of those whose fame has been bruited abroad. At the time of the former fight, which originated in a dispute, O'Donnel was in an ill state of health, and the conquest was consequently easily gained; the plaisterer, ostentatious of the victory, wished to make this fight for double the sum, but his opponent, who was unsuccessful in a contest with the younger Belcher some time since, lost his fighting fame, and consequently could not get backed for a large sum. In that contest, however, he was overmatched. The combatants appeared in the ring at two o'clock, with their seconds, Tom Jones and White for the plaisterer, and Blake and young Ryan for O'Donnel. The plaisterer appeared capable of taking his opponent under his arm and carrying him away, for he was considerably taller, and about two stone heavier. Bets were seven to four against O'Donnel.

At setting to, Emery appeared full of confidence, and faced his man in very good stile, but O'Donnel made a feint with his left hand, and hit him a closer in the mouth, and they closed and fell. O'Donnel continued to have an advantage over his opponent in skill; and, after they had fought five rounds, bets became level, for Emery had received many hard hits about the head. He had not a shadow of chance, until about the ninth round, when he exerted all his powers, and exchanged hits for some time, until a right and left-handed blow from O'Donnel brought him to the ground. Bets were now two to one on O'Donnel, who continued to keep a decided advantage until the end of the fight. In the eleventh round Emery made a false hit, and completely ran away from his man; and, in the following round, he fell without a blow. He continued to fight until three quarters of an hour had expired, when he resigned the contest, bearing marks sufficient to deter him from ever again attempting to become a professional man. O'Donnel escaped without a hurt of any consequence; he has always been considered as one of the most skilful little men of the day; and in this instance he fully displayed the science of boxing to advantage.—The field was attended by the amateurs and pugilists who had not left town for the grand contest, and by some thousands of St. Monday gentlemen.

BELCHER AND THE CHICKEN.

THE wreath of laurel which has so long encircled the brow of the victorious Belcher, has been at length torn off by the powerful grasp of the Game Chicken. Considerable anxiety has for some time past pervaded the sporting world, on the event

event of the contest between these celebrated champions of the fist.

Fletcher Reid, partial to the *old blood*, backed Belcher for 500gs; whilst Captain Halliday deposited the same sum on the part of the Chicken, with a promise of half the money should he prove the conqueror. Belcher having won the toss, his patron fixed upon a small common, within a quarter of a mile of Blythe, the seat of Mr. Mellish, which is three miles from Barnby Moor, nine from Doncaster, and 150 from London; and on Friday morning the 6th instant, the battle was decided. About eleven o'clock the Chicken set off from the Blue-bell inn, Barnby Moor, to Mr. Mellish's, accompanied by his father, an elderly man of very athletic appearance. After waiting there about half an hour, the Chicken, with Mr. Mellish, Lords Eardley and Saye and Sele, B. Craven, and Capt. Halliday, walked across the park to the scene of action, where they found Belcher in perfect readiness. The ring was twenty feet square, roped within another of forty feet, to keep off the crowd. Will Ward was second to the Chicken, with Gibbons for his bottle-holder; and Joe Ward and Dick Weal performed the same offices for Belcher. The partizans on both sides wore different coloured silk handkerchiefs —those who favoured the Chicken sported a blue silk handkerchief, with a white spot; whilst their opponents were decked in the yellow stripe, which has acquired the appellation of the Belcher. On stripping, it was very evident the Chicken was not only stronger, but in much better condition than his opponent, who, however, seemed full of spirit, and confident of success; the betting was five to four in favour of the Chicken.

THE FIGHT.

First Round. Cautious sparring; Belcher made several feints, and at length put in a severe blow on the Chicken's eye, over his guard, that drew blood copiously; the Chicken returned the blow slightly; they closed, and the Chicken threw his man.

2d. Belcher again made several feints, and the Chicken, whose face was covered with blood, guarded cautiously, and made a hit; Belcher put in two blows on the Chicken's body, and they closed. They disengaged themselves; the Chicken aimed a well-directed hit, which Belcher stopped dexterously; they rallied, and the Chicken hit two blows, and threw his man. Twenty to 12 on the Chicken.

3d. A hard round, rather in favour of the Chicken; several blows were exchanged in a rally made by him; they closed, and Belcher was thrown upon the ropes.

4th. Chicken hit twice at his man, but the blows fell short, and Belcher rallied, with some success, but was again thrown.

5th. The Chicken continued to bleed freely from the blow he received in the first round. He smiled with confidence, however, went in and rallied, which terminated in favour of Belcher, who threw him.

6th. Belcher displayed a good deal of his accustomed science, and appeared to meet his man cautiously. He rallied, and several blows were exchanged; they closed, and Belcher fell undermost.

7th. This round was much in favour of Belcher. The Chicken made a hit which Belcher stopped dexterously, and with his right hand hit the Chicken a hard blow in the face; a rally followed, in which Belcher had the advantage; they closed, and the Chicken got his opponent's head

head under his left arm, and hit him several blows with his right hand; both fell.

8th. Belcher went in and rallied courageously, and displayed his skill in pugilism to perfection: he struck several blows with his right hand, whilst he parried those of the Chicken with his left. He had considerable advantage during the round, and ultimately succeeded in throwing his man over the rope out of the ring. Bets level.

9th. Both on their mettle, and apparently fresh; Belcher hit the Chicken a hard blow in the face, which cut him severely; several other blows were exchanged, and they closed and fell.

10th. Somewhat in favour of the Chicken, without any blows of consequence. Belcher appeared to be growing weak.

11th. The Chicken over-reached himself in making a hit, and the combatants closed. Belcher disengaged himself by a twist, and hit his man, who threw him.

12th. The Chicken went in and rallied furiously, and it was evident Belcher had fallen off in strength; he had materially the worst of the rally. The Chicken closed, and threw him on the rope, and had a fair opportunity of ending the fight; for Belcher lay ballanced upon his back, and had the Chicken given him one of his death-like blows, he must have killed him.—He put himself in an attitude for giving a blow, when, looking round the ring, he exclaimed—"Jem, I won't take advantage of thee."—This honourable step was applauded with shouts from the spectators.

13th. Chicken went in and rallied without ceremony. Belcher's blows were grown feeble; they closed, and Belcher gave the Chicken a very severe cross-buttock.

14th. Tedious sparing, Belcher shy, and bleeding in the head and body with two blows given in the former round. The Chicken followed him to the ropes, when he gave him a hard blow under the blind eye, through his guard, and threw him easy.

15th. This round left no hopes for Belcher; it also decided many bets respecting the first knock-down blow. The Chicken went in very gay, and gave his opponent two hits; they closed, and the Chicken hit Belcher a blow underneath, on the lower rib, which, to use the sporting phrase, doubled him together, and he fell. The Umpire, for the satisfaction of the sporting men, declared this to be a knock-down blow.

16th. Belcher hit the Chicken a well-directed but feeble blow in the face whilst sparing; the Chicken smiled, rallied his man, and got him again on the rope, as in the 12th round. He repeated his honourable conduct as before, and walked away without hitting him. This round decided the fight, notwithstanding Belcher fought one more. In the rally, he was first thrown upon one of the stakes to which the rope was fastened, and it was supposed he had broken the lower rib, the Chicken having hit him in the same place shortly before. Ten to one.

17th. Belcher summoned up all his efforts to put in a blow; and the Chicken again followed him up to the rope, and threw him. Belcher could not move his left arm from his side. He however stood up to fight in the 18th round, but finding himself totally disabled, he resigned the contest, after fighting 35 minutes. The Chicken immediately leaped over the rope out of the ring, and entered it again in the same manner,

ner, displaying his agility by a somerset.

REMARKS.

Thus expired the fame of poor Belcher, after successively triumphing over Paddington Jones, Bartholomew, Gamble, Berks twice, and Furby the Young Ruffian.——And the Chicken had previously beaten Berks, Sprey, Cart, and Gulley.

It was clearly evident, independent of the great disadvantage which Belcher had unhappily sustained by the accident of losing an eye, that he had neither strength nor constitution to encounter his opponent, who possesses an astonishing portion of agility, wind, and muscular power. Belcher put in several of his favourite blows, and got off in his accustomed happy manner; but the longer the fight lasted, the worse was it for him: and in the opinion of the best judges, he would have had a better chance of winning, had he sparred less and struck more.—The Chicken clearly aimed most of his blows at Belcher's remaining eye; and, in closing, gave him some dreadful falls.

The contest, if not so obstinate as might have been expected, was truly a scientific one, and those who lost their money on the late champion, have not the slightest reason to attach blame to him. It was evident, however, the disadvantage of the loss of an eye was greater than could be supposed. Those who had witnessed the former battles of Belcher, could perceive in him a deficiency in many points, notwithstanding he displayed all his former skill and courage; but after they had fought a quarter of an hour, Belcher had received many hits in the face, and water stood full in his perfect eye. By this disadvantage he was unable to judge the length of his opponent, nor could he perceive the hits coming towards him, until it was too late to guard against them. With respect to his own blows, as he observed himself after the fight, they were merely casual attempts, for his sight was not sufficiently quick and strong to place them judiciously. Those who had on former occasions been filled with enthusiastic admiration at the unexampled courage and skill of Belcher, felt deeply for his unfortunate situation. He did not suppose the Chicken to be so wonderful a man; but at the latter end of the fight his strength failed him, and he was unable to stop the furious blows which disfigured his frame. The Chicken had many severe blows, but they did not appear to make the slightest impression on him, and he arrived near town on Saturday evening. He appeared in full confidence of victory during the contest, and fought circumspectly and easy.—After the contest, Belcher was put into a post-chaise, and driven to the house of a surgeon, where he was bled; and it was ascertained that the rib which was supposed to have been broken was not so.

The number of spectators was unprecedented, notwithstanding the scene of action was 150 miles from town. The losers on the contest were principally countrymen, who assembled at Scroovey and Barnby Moor in groupes, where Belcher and the Chicken were stationed. Belcher had been some weeks in the country, and consequently five to four was taken freely by the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns.

There were also present many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction from town and country.—Among the principal losers are Messieurs. Mellish, Fletcher Reid, &c. &c.

Gulley

Gulley appeared in the ring after the contest was over, and offered to fight any man; as did also the younger Belcher, and give a stone. They however were not taken. A subscription was set on foot by Jackson at the close of the contest, in favour of Belcher, which was liberally supplied, and the Chicken said he would back him for fifty pounds.

After the fight was over, poor Belcher exclaimed, "I don't mind for myself, but I'm sorry for a friend of mine who has lost every thing he had."

The Chicken retired with his friends to the Blue Bell, at Barnby Moor, and seriously declared, that once or twice he had it in his power to have killed Belcher. Elated with his victory, he cried out in the Somersetshire dialect, "dang it, I'm not hurt, I have only cut my *crook* (finger) against his teeth;" then pulling out a new blue silk handkerchief, tied it round his neck, and laughing, said, "Since I've won it I'll wear it, no more Belchers now."—He then set off in a post-chaise to Grantham, where Captain Halliday had ordered dinner for a large party.—The first intelligence reached town on Saturday at twelve o'clock; it was immediately communicated to Belcher's wife, who lives in Wardour-street. The Amazonian fair one would not believe that her husband had been vanquished—"What," cried she, "Belcher beaten—you mean he is bruised; he can't have lost the battle—or if he has, it is not by giving in, but for want of keeping time between the rounds." Being, however, at last convinced of the fatal truth, she dropped her tears—

"Fast as th' Arabian trees
"Their medicinal gums."

BOXING EXTRAORDINARY.

SUCH has been the interest excited among the amateurs of boxing by the late contest between the Chicken and Belcher, and to such a height have the partizans carried their disputes, in discussing the respective merits of each, that many a sturdy contest has been the consequence.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst. two gentlemen quarrelled, in a public coffee-room in the city, on the subject. The former is a Mr. D. a respectable merchant; and the latter, Mr. H. an extensive proprietor of Billiard-rooms. Both claimed, with equal confidence, a pre-eminence of knowledge in the science of boxing. However, as neither would yield the point, they came to the resolution of putting their pretensions to the proof, and agreed to fight for 100 guineas on the following Thursday. Mr. D. is a man possessing health, strength, and courage, but of the advanced age of fifty. He may be said to be of the old school, and, though no *Chicken* in point of science, he was known to be of the *game-cock* breed; indeed, he being of *Dutch extraction* no one doubted his having *bottom*. As for Mr. H. he is a young man, about 25 years of age; he was allowed to know a little of *sparring*, but had a great aversion to being *hit*. Agreeably to terms, the parties and their friends met at White Conduit House, about twelve o'clock, but were prevented from setting to until one, in consequence of the bad weather, at which time they adjourned to Islington-fields. In order that every thing might be conducted according to the rules of prize-fighting, and with proper decorum, Bill Gibbons was invited to be second to Mr. H. and Dick Hall to *pick up* Mr. D.—

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the secrecy with which the business of the day had been arranged, the affair got wind, and about two hundred people attended. On setting to, the odds were about five to four in favour of the Billiard Master, who took his *cue* from Gibbons, not to come too near his opponent. This was hardly necessary; for in the course of the first round, which lasted upwards of five minutes, he shewed no disposition to trust himself within arms length; and the round was concluded by Mr. D. rushing in upon him, and with one blow knocking him down.

The second round, and many following, were equally tedious. The young man's constant study was to keep aloof; and nothing remained for his opponent but to rush suddenly upon him, as he had done in the first instance; but in doing so, he was exhausting himself to very little purpose, which, no doubt, was the object of Mr. H.

On the ninth round, Mr. H. not acting with his usual caution, came too near his opponent, and received a violent blow on his face, which made his lip bleed; he fell down, some time after the blow, and shook his head, as if he meant to *pocket* the beating he had got, and be off. He however rallied again, and, as he was *an excellent judge of his distance* he did not, for some time put himself in harm's way. Mr. D. on every occasion, followed him round the ring, in order to bring him to close quarters; to avoid which, he more than once rushed out of the ring.

All this time, most of the amateurs thought the Billiard-table-keeper was playing a *losing game:* but he was advised it was the only method to *win.* Mr. D. was extremely strong; and could he but once have got his opponent within his grasp, he would soon have finished the contest. Once he closed with him, and it was easily to be seen what would have been the consequence, had not Mr. H. dropped down, and terminated the round.

About the sixteenth round, Mr. D. appeared a little exhausted, which encouraged Mr. H. to face him with greater resolution; and the consequence was, that he gave his opponent a severe blow over the eye, which *turned the tables* in his favour, and two and three to one were offered on the *striker*. Mr. D. notwithstanding his eye was much swelled, continued the combat with great courage, and shewed not the least disposition to give in; on the contrary, he *exchanged* some severe blows with his opponent; and it was evident, that if they had fought in a room, the battle would soon have been decided in his favour: as it was, he in vain followed his opponent round the ring. Mr. H.'s agility enabled him to retreat securely from his blows.

It was not until the twenty-eighth round that Mr. D. could be prevailed upon to give up the contest, when he was completely exhausted, from the shifting mode of fighting adopted by his adversary, and had both his eyes nearly closed up.

The Billiard-table-keeper did not, *Chicken-like*, throw a somerset at the conclusion of the battle, but seemed, however, highly delighted that the *game was up*.

Mr. D. offered to fight his opponent in a room immediately, for double the sum they had contended for, which was declined by the latter, who at the same time observed, " he had got over the present contest with success, and he never would engage in another." The fight lasted one hour and seven minutes.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DICTIONARY OF THE VETERINARY ART:

CONTAINING

All the modern Improvements; and including so much of Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Natural History, &c. &c. as is connected with the Subject: the whole illustrated with Copper-plates: and forming a work equally useful to the Professional Veterinarian, the Practising Farrier, the Farmer, and the Private Gentleman, in obtaining a Knowledge of the Diseases of Horses and other cattle. By THOMAS BOARDMAN, Veterinary Surgeon to the Third—or King's own—Regiment of Dragoons.

THIS appears to be a work truly scientific; combining three of the principal recommendations to general acceptance, viz. a requisite portion of learning; a good taste; and a copious share of information.

From a cursory view, it seems to be exactly what its author intended it; a kind of focus for concentrating all the light of ancient invention, and modern improvements, in the Veterinary science.—We speak generally, and reserving to ourselves the future opportunity of a more critical investigation.

We here present our readers with Mr. Boardman's preface to this elaborate performance, as containing a more perfect prospectus of the whole, than our present limits will permit us to describe.

THE PREFACE.

"THE example of other nations, operating on the good sense of our own, having advanced that to the dignity of a science which before was exercised blindly and without principles, and rather to the detriment than advantage of the objects it was intended to serve, it appeared to the author of the following sheets, that a comprehensive view of all that immediately or collaterally belongs to the Veterinary art, would be no unacceptable offering to the Public, in the convenient form of a Dictionary.

"Convinced, however, as he was of the extensive utility of such a work, he long considered the undertaking as an act of temerity. Aware of the obsolete character of almost all the books of farriery that appeared before the days of Gibson, and no less so of the defects even of that truly enlightened and scientific writer; aware of the narrow limits to which the knowledge of the anatomy of brute animals has as yet been extended; aware of the loose and imperfect state of those analogies which have been supposed to obtain between man and the larger quadrupeds, and sensible of the vague manner in which, under that presumption, veterinary remedies have been directed in particular diseases;—he hesitated long before he could determine to commit himself in a work, which, in the very nature of things, must be chargeable with many imperfections, and open to much future criticism.

"Yet, on the other hand, his prospects were not without encouragement. The sun of veterinary science had already dawned on our island. His irresistible beams had already pierced through the clouds and thick darkness in which it seemed to have been permanently enveloped. His approach, too, had been happily indicated in the labours of an eminent northern veterinarian; who, breathing a medi-

cal atmosphere, and imbued with principles which eminently qualified him for such a pursuit, investigated with considerable acuteness, and exposed with the most decided success, the most common causes of disease and lameness in horses. Nor had these been the only efforts to apply, as far as the analogies were obvious, the dictrines and remedies of human medicine to the structure and maladies of the brute creation. Surgeons in country practice had long seen, with a mixture of indignation and sorrow, the ignorant cruelties practised on the latter by their sooty operators; and, unwilling to trust even their dogs to such merciless hands, were induced to exercise their own skill on the animals which belonged to themselves. Still, however, a false pride restrained their practice within their own stables and cow-houses, and a necessary concession—as they thought—to public prejudices, kept back the salutary results of their endeavours, and occasioned few, and those only casual, improvements to be made in veterinary science. At length the removal of this spell, which prevented the free exercise of genius, and the operations of useful experiment, was reserved for the patriotic founders of the Veterinary College of London, to whose zeal and public spirit the country is now indebted for a body of rational and enlightened practitioners, dispersed through every county, as well as for many elegant and ingenious publications on the different branches of their art.

"It is indeed the indispensable duty of the author to acknowledge his almost unbounded obligations to the works of these gentlemen; as well as to the yet more eminent labours of the late and present Professors of that excellent institution, as he has constantly endeavoured to evince in the several articles which have been derived from them individually. Nor should he omit to acknowledge the high sources whence the most splendid and useful of the graphical illustrations—so indispensable in a work of this kind—, have been procured; most of them remarkable for their minuteness and accuracy, beyond any anatomical representations, even of the human body, which appear in similar publications.

"Such have been the advantages, and such the impediments, under which the author has laboured.—To the details of the latter he might very justly add, the nature of his services as a military practitioner; his unavoidable absence, nay almost immense distance, from the press, on that account; and the necessity of procuring assistance from others less competent, perhaps, to the task, than even himself. All, therefore, that he presumes to claim, beyond the merit of good intentions towards his professional brethren and the Public, is that of having made as good a use of the materials which offered themselves to his examination as the case would admit; and, under this impression, he confidently relies on the candour with which both will receive this first attempt to unite into one fabric the scattered and imperfect members of a science universally acknowledged to be, as yet, in its earliest infancy.

Dundalk.

THE HYPOCONDRIAC.

DR. MEAD, in his Monitor, tells us, that—"A young student at college became so deeply hypocondriacal,

hypocondriacal, that he proclaimed himself dead, and ordered the college bell to be tolled on the occasion of his death. In this he was indulged; but the man employed to execute the task appeared to the student to perform it so imperfectly, that he arose from his bed in a fury of passion to toll the bell for his own departure. When he had finished, he returned to his bed in a state of profuse perspiration, and was from that moment alive and well.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE WOOD.

A LEGENDARY MELO-DRAMA.

Drury Lane, Nov. 30.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Adilbert	Mr. Decamp.
Sir Oswin	Mr. Russel.
Launcelot	Mr. Mathews.
Ethelred	Mr. G. D'Egville.
Ellen	Miss Decamp.
Ethelinde	Miss Bristow.
Edward	Mrs. Mountain.
Female Peasant	Mrs. Bland.
Elgiva	Miss Boyce.
The Fairy Melzarina	Madame Parisot.

The scene lies in England, in the days of ancient chivalry, &c.

THE STORY.

THE powerful baron, Earl Egbert, having offended a powerful fairy, she, by her magical art, destines his infant daughter Ethelinde, to die by a wound from a spindle. To prevent this malicious prediction, no spinning-wheel is suffered, under pain of death, to be made use of in his domains. Ethelinde attains the age of seventeen, and possesses every grace of person, and beauty of features, with a sensibility and understanding to charm the hearts of all who behold her, and render her parents most doatingly fond—Yet anxious to avoid the destined fate, Melzarina, the Fairy of Benificence, is implored to prevent the evil. This is not in her power:—Ethelinde receives the fatal wound! To soften this affliction, the good fairy Melzarina so far counteracts the malice of her opponent, as to change the fate of Ethelinde from that of death to a death-like sleep, which will continue for one hundred years, then will she awake in all the freshness of youth and beauty! The time of Ethelinde's awakening nearly arrives, when Adilbert—a knight errant—accompanied by his friend Oswin, and his squire Launcelot, set out in search of adventures. Adilbert, never having felt the passion of love, but impelled by a secret impulse, hearing of the above prediction, determines to force his way through all impediments. Oswin, his friend, accompanies him, in hopes of meeting a female resembling the portrait of his ancient relative Elgiva, his heart being free from all attacks of the living beauties he has seen. Launcelot, his squire, being contented with the possession of any willing fair one. The knights arrive at the entrance of a dark wood, in the midst of which the castle stands which contains the Sleeping Beauty, Ethelinde.

Ellen, a very ancient villager, is met by the knights. She informs them that the estates of the late Earl Egbert are usurped by Ethelred, a haughty baron, whose ancestors had usurped the estates on the death of Ethelinde's parents. Adilbert vows, the charm being broken, to oppose the Usurper's power and right to the sleeping Ethelinde.

Ellen informs the knights, that having left the castle, she escaped the

the death-like sleep which possessed all within it—and that her former lover Edward was still amongst the sleepers, and would awake as gay and young as ever; and that should he still prove constant to her, though so aged, it was predicted she should be restored to her original youth and beauty.

Ellen departs.—The knights pursue their course, braving every danger opposed to their entrance to the castle.

The fairy Melzarina appears to Adilbert, declaring, that she will aid his cause. She disappears in the cloud which brought her.

The knights gain admission, the whole household appear in profound sleep; at length, after searching various apartments, they arrive at that of the Sleeping Beauty, who is discovered on her bed, with all her attendants, and her page Edward.

The scene of awaking commences—all arise with wonder and amazement, and recognize each other.—Adilbert declares his passion to Ethelinde, who receives his vows; and Oswin, in the person of Elgiva, recognizes the lady, whose picture had taken possession of his thoughts. Launcelot becomes enamoured of one of the attendants.

Edward—the page—seeks for his Ellen in vain, and laments her loss. At length Ellen arrives, and, notwithstanding her years, he still declares his passion unaltered. This breaks the charm, and Ellen is restored to youth and beauty.

An officer announces the approach of Ethelred the usurper, and his troops, to claim the beauteous Ethelinde and her domains.

The knights immediately arm, call their followers, and depart to meet the enemy.

They fight—The usurper is vanquished—the prediction is accomplished—and the fairy Melzarina appears, and ratifies the union of the lovers.

REMARKS.

It will be seen by the above sketch, that the author, Mr. Skeffington has not intended to confine himself to the dull and beaten track of probability; but giving the rein to his imagination, he has boldly ventured into the unbounded region of fairy necromancy and adventure. The valorous days of chivalry are brought to our recollection; and the tales which warmed the breasts of youth with martial ardour, are again rendered agreeable to the mind that is not so fastidious as to turn with fancied superiority from the pleasing delusion.—The ladies, in particular, would be accused of ingratitude, were they to look coldly upon the muse of Mr. Skeffington, who has put into the mouths of his two enamoured knights, Adilbert, and Oswin, speeches and panegyrics upon the sex, which would not discredit the effusions of Oroondates, or any other hero of romance.—The proprietors seem fully confident of the value of Mr. Skeffington's exertions, by the magnificent liberality with which they have brought forward his melo-drama. The scenery is splendid in the extreme, and the dresses costly and appropriate. The view of the haunted wood, and the enchanted bed-chamber of Ethelinde are entitled to particular commendation.—The music, by Mr. Addison, is light, airy, and pleasing. Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland, and above all, Miss Decamp, in imitating the decrepitude of old age, were very successful. A Miss Bristow made her first appearance, and was very flatteringly received: her person is well formed, and her voice is soft and melodious. Parisot danced delightfully,

delightfully, and, from the lightness of her step, was a fit representation of the fairy Melzarina. The above melo-drama was loudly applauded throughout by the most fashionable and crowded assemblage we have witnessed this season; and was announced with universal approbation for a repetition.

On the third representation of this piece, it went off with additional *eclat*. On each repetition it improves in effect, and there seems no doubt of its proving a permanent favourite of the public. The performers all appear to considerable advantage, and Mr. Gibbons was highly applauded for the sweetness and taste which he displayed in the ballad of the Woodland Maid, viz.:

The Woodland Maid, my beaut'ous queen!
In nature's simple charms array'd,
This heart subdues—that matchless mien
Still binds me to the Woodland Maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold!
For wide domains, for gay parade;
I would, unmov'd, such toys behold,
Possess'd of thee, sweet Woodland Maid.

THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS.

A NEW COMEDY.

Drury Lane, December 11.

IT is with much pleasure that we announce the appearance of a new and a successful candidate for dramatic fame. Our pleasure is by no means diminished by the consideration that it is a female pen to which we are indebted for so much entertainment, and from which so much more may be expected. Her name is said to be Chambers. It has been hitherto but little known out of the circle of private life; but seems destined to be recorded with distinction in our literary annals.—This first effort holds out the most flattering promise of future excellence. And though not possessed throughout of equal merit; and, perhaps not ranking in the very first class of English comedy, it is quite superior to the common run of novelties which it is our painful task to criticise.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Belmore	Mr. Elliston.
Sir Edward Apworth	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Felix Mordaunt	Mr. Wroughton.
Mr. Hardy	Mr. Dowton.
Matthew Daw	Mr. Mathews.
Lady Courtland	Miss Pope.
Lady Apworth	Mrs. Jordan.
Emily	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Chambermaid	Miss Mellon.

The scene lies in a country part of England.

No one of the characters has a decided superiority in importance above the others; but he from whose history the business chiefly arises is Sir Edward Apworth.—This young baronet had married, clandestinely, a girl of great beauty and accomplishments, but no fortune. By and by his passion for her somewhat abated, and he became intimate at the house of Lady Courtland, an old fashionable demirip, who lived in great splendour upon the profits of a faro table.—Here he turns a deep gamester, and, after several vicissitudes of luck, loses almost the whole of his patrimony. His wife being neglected, separated herself from him, and retires with her child, he knows not where, into the country.—At last he is reduced to such difficulties, that he consents to live with Lady Courtland, in a way as little suited to his dignity as to her reputation. At the opening of the action we find

find them residing at a superb seat, belonging to the Lady. Lord Belmore, a friend of Sir Edward's, soon arrives, on the pretense of a visit, but with the intention of rescuing him from his present disgraceful situation. In the neighbourhood there lodged a very handsome and amiable woman, who passed under the name of Mrs. Hamilton. This was no other than the deserted Lady Apworth. Of course the husband and wife are quite ignorant of being so near each other, until the concluding scene.

The grand engine employed in perplexing and disentangling the plot, is a passion felt for her by Belmore. This nobleman, being rather too much like Belcour, the West Indian, with the best heart in the world, is somewhat apt to be led into irregularities, by the impetuosity of his desires. He had seen and admired Lady A. in town, ignorant that she was the wife of his friend. He is delighted to find her again; and immediately renews his attempts upon her. All these fail most completely, although she is reduced to the greatest degree of pecuniary distress. He makes Sir Edward his confidant, who, supposing this to be some female of cracked character, writes her a letter, exhorting her to be more reasonable in her demands, and to acquiesce in the proposals of her admirer. She, believing that he knew her, and that he counselled his own dishonour, is driven to distraction. To shew that misery must always follow from such a connection, a violent quarrel now ensues between Sir Edward and Lady Courtland. The vindictive woman even goes so far as to have her favourite arrested for a pretended debt.

By this time Sir Felix Mordaunt, uncle to Sir Edward; and Hardy, uncle to Lady Apworth; arrive, and take a large share in the bustle that is going forward. The *denoüement* is at last brought about by a stratagem of Belmore. Having discovered who Mrs. Hamilton was, his object becomes to effect a reconciliation between her and her husband. For this purpose he still pretends to the latter that he has dishonourable views upon the fair stranger, and prevails upon him to assist in a scheme for securing her. Sir Edward, in disguise, is thus introduced into the presence of his injured wife. An affecting interview takes place between them; and, after a proper explanation, she is induced, by his compunction and tenderness, to forgive him. A fortune of fifty thousand pounds is bestowed upon *her* by Hardy; and *he* is declared heir to the wealthy Sir Felix Mordaunt. Two under-plots terminate in the union of Lord Belmore with the lovely Emily, Lady Courtland's grand-daughter; and in that of Matthew Daw, an honest Quaker, with a pert abigail, who *verily* had won his heart.

The plot is ingeniously conceived, and ably executed. Whatever dramatic defects may adhere to it, no doubt can be entertained as to its moral tendency. The whole goes to make vice odious, folly ridiculous, virtue lovely, and propriety respectable. Sir Edward Apworth's misconduct leads him step by step into the deepest abyss of wretchedness; and no ray of hope breaks in upon him until he renounces his errors, and resolves to attone for them.—Lady Courtland, although "universally received," is universally detested and despised.——Lady Apworth, in the midst of all her sorrows, is supported by conscious rectitude. She always experiences the sympathy of those about her; and

is

is finally crowned with the felicity she deserves. The characters perhaps do not boast of much novelty or vigour. In addition to those we have touched upon, there are conspicuous—an independent Member of Parliament, an honest blunt West India Planter, an ingenious benevolent Quaker, and an innocent Young Girl, the child of nature, who speaks every sentiment that arises in her pure and guileless mind.

It is in the dialogue, in our opinion, that the merit of the piece chiefly consists. This contains many of the happiest turns, and is uniformly elegant, pointed, and interesting. Perhaps there is a super-abundance of sentiments, and some of the most common-place might be judiciously omitted. There is one saying of Miss Emily's that appears not quite correct.—Upon hearing of Sir Edward's wife, she expresses great uneasiness at her grandmama having run off with a *married* man.

The actors are all extremely well fitted for their respective parts.—Elliston is quite at home in the vivacious open-hearted Belmore.—Miss Pope was never seen to greater advantage than as the antiquated, unprincipled woman of fashion, Lady Courtland. Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Miss Mellon, did the greatest justice to the authoress; and the same may be said of all the rest.

We scarcely remember any piece being so loudly applauded. The first three acts were the best, and during these the performance was frequently stopped by the reiterated bursts of approbation which closely followed one another. The fourth act is in some degree confused and languid, but there were situations and speeches in the last, which again excited the enthusiasm of the audience.

The prologue and epilogue were both excellent. The former, contrary to the usual custom, was spoken by Mrs. H. Siddons; it was delivered with considerable force.—There were points enough in it to eke out a couple of the prologues of the day. Mathews spoke the epilogue with all the gravity incidental to the character; and, without moving a risible muscle himself, he set the audience in a roar.

THE PHEASANT.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not aware that our ornithological writers describe the Pheasant as a bird of prey; and I was, some years since, a good deal surprised to have occular demonstration that he really is so. Desirous of obtaining a breed of mules, I put myself to the expence of a guinea, for a beautiful cock phesant, which I purchased of Mr. Brookes, then holding the menagerie in the Marybone-Road. I turned him to a parcel of common hens, and after awhile, when he had become accustomed to the place, I observed he always particularly watched the sparrows and small birds which came down to feed with the poultry. One day he eyed a tomtit, or some bird of that small species, as cunningly as a fox, and creeping near to it, the bird arose, when the pheasant struck it, in its passage by him, with his wing, as dexterously as a game cock, and knocked it down. He then seized it in his claws, tore it limb from limb with all the voracity of a hawk, and devoured it.—He was ever afterwards observed to prey upon small birds when he could catch them.

Not recollecting that the pheasant was a pairing bird, I committed an error in putting him to a number of hens, and of course I was totally disappointed. Being afterwards better informed, I caused a walk to be fenced off for him, adjoining the poultry-yard, and put to him one, rather a small hen. The hen laid a vast number of eggs while with him, during a period of several months, but the eggs, which we carefully set under good hens, were invariably barren; and, if I recollect right, those which we broke and examined, although to appearance the finest eggs in the world, were destitute of the tread, or visible sign of impregnation. In the mean time the cock was in the finest health and spirits. I should be obliged to any of your correspondents to inform me of instances of success in attaining pheasant-mules, and of the proper mode of treating the birds to that end; for I begin to suspect that it is a difficult matter, if at all practicable.

Your constant reader,

Woking. ORNITHOLOGOS.

ON VERMIN CURS.

READING in Mr. Lawrence's New Farmer's Calendar some very just encomiums on the usefulness of this species of dogs, has brought to my remembrance the following anecdote of one of them of great note.—Some years ago, a labourer of the name of Shepperd, near Sudbury Green, Harrow, was cutting copse-wood in the beginning of April.—As he proceeded, he observed a pair of old blackbirds constantly fluttering about him, as if in great distress; by which he was assured they had a nest not far distant. Approaching the place where they had made their nest, containing their little family, this poor father and mother discovered still greater anxiety; and Shepperd, being a humane man, was determined not only to spare them, but if possible, to leave them in a state of safety. He soon came close enough to see the nest, which was situated quite low in the stump of a large bush; and cutting all around, he left that bush standing; but to prevent intruders as much as possible, he fenced it about with faggot wood, generally leaving his coat upon the fence, and giving charge both of his coat and the bird's nest, to his bitch. This faithful creature, although she had killed a great deal of vermin, whilst her master had been cutting down the copse, would not suffer any one to come near the nest, nor touch it herself, or the birds, although always within her reach. She would not even suffer the approach of her master's boy. The old birds became accustomed to the presence of the man and his bitch, looking upon them as their generous protectors, and brought up their little progeny happily; four young bisds, in due time, taking their flight, leaving behind them one rotten egg.—Shepperd afterwards gave the bitch and a puppy from her to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who valued them highly; but was unfortunately under the necessity of destroying them, as they were both bitten by a mad dog. They were of the true species of the Vermin Cur, long bodied, bandy legged, bearded, and with mouths of iron. They would hunt, attack, and destroy rats, mice, pole-cat, weasel, toad, eft, snake, or viper. Of the poison of the latter, nature had fully apprized them, and their mode of

attack

attack of that dangerous reptile, was, after much manœuvring round it, to seize it on the back of the neck, and then to dash it against the ground, until they destroyed it. Indeed, dogs of this kind sometimes make a fatal mistake, by devouring a part of the adder or viper, which is commonly, not always, mortal.

Snakes they eat without the least harm; and this brings to my mind a most ridiculous parade which one of those good Doctors who is now so vehemently opposing the Cow-pox, made last year in the Magazines, about a serpent jumping down his dog's throat, from which accident the dog died in twenty-four hours; and about his wondrous humanity in not killing the dog, which he, at the same time, described in the most excruciating agonies. Now, as to a *serpent* jumping down this Doctor's dog's throat, it would have been just as probable for the dog to jump down that of the serpent; and had the good Doctor known any thing of humanity, he would instantly have put an end to the tortures of the poor dog, by knocking him on the head. If the said Doctor understands the philosophy of *Vaccina* no better than that of humanity to beasts, the Lord have mercy on his credulous readers, and his patients.

To return to the story of the dog and bitch—they were equally excellent for tongue as for vermin-killing; and on any thing stirring in the night upon the premises they were appointed to guard, would jointly and severally set up such a damnable hue and cry as was sufficient to wake all the dead in a churh-yard, had there been one near, nor could all the sops and blandishments in the world stop their incessant clacks. Their attachments seemed wonderful.——The dog fixed his affections upon a colt just after it was foaled, and would visit it fifty times a-day, and lie by it, as if to guard it; and after the colt died, could scarcely be driven from the body. In my opinion, an animal of this breed, and equally good, is infinitely better worth your tens, twenties, or fifties, than any of the high bred or lap dog vermin that so currently fetch those prices.

ACTION FOR SELLING GAME.

Common Pleas, Nov. 15.

PARRY, *qui tam*, *v.* PERCH.

SERJEANT BAYLEY shewed cause against a Rule, *Nisi*, obtained by Serjeant Best, to set aside the judgment, which passed by default, on account of irregularity.

The action was brought to recover three penalties from the defendant, who keeps a tavern in Fetter-lane, for selling game. In the affidavit of the defendant, it was positively stated, that he never received a notice of the declaration, and, on that account, did not make defence.

Upon the behalf of the plaintiff, an affidavit was read, which positively stated the service. To this affidavit, some objections were made by Serjeant Best, on account of interlineations, but the Court over-ruled them. The Learned Serjeant then urged, that, on payment of costs, the defendant should be allowed to go to trial on the merits of the case, as this was an action on a penal statute.

 Sir

Sir James Mansfield delivered his opinion rather in favour of the plaintiff; and it was at length agreed, that the defendant should pay one penalty, and all the costs incurred.

COCKS SPARRING;

OR

The whole Manner of ordering Cocks previous to the Battle.

From a curious Paper said to be written by —— Frampton, Esq. Master of the Race Horses and Game Cocks, to King William the Third, &c.

An Engraving.

IN dieting and ordering Cocks for battle consists all the profit and pleasure to be derived from the sport of cock-fighting. For this reason, men skilful in raising game birds are very cautious in divulging their secrets on that subject: they know very well that the best Cock undieted, is unable to encounter the worst that has been carefully attended to in this particular. Let others be as sparing as they please of their experience and observations, for my part I shall not conceal any thing that may tend to the propagation of the art and mystery of cock-fighting; to that end let the Sportsman receive the following instructions:—

The time of taking up your Cocks is the latter end of August; for from that time to the latter end of May cocking is seasonable and in highest request.

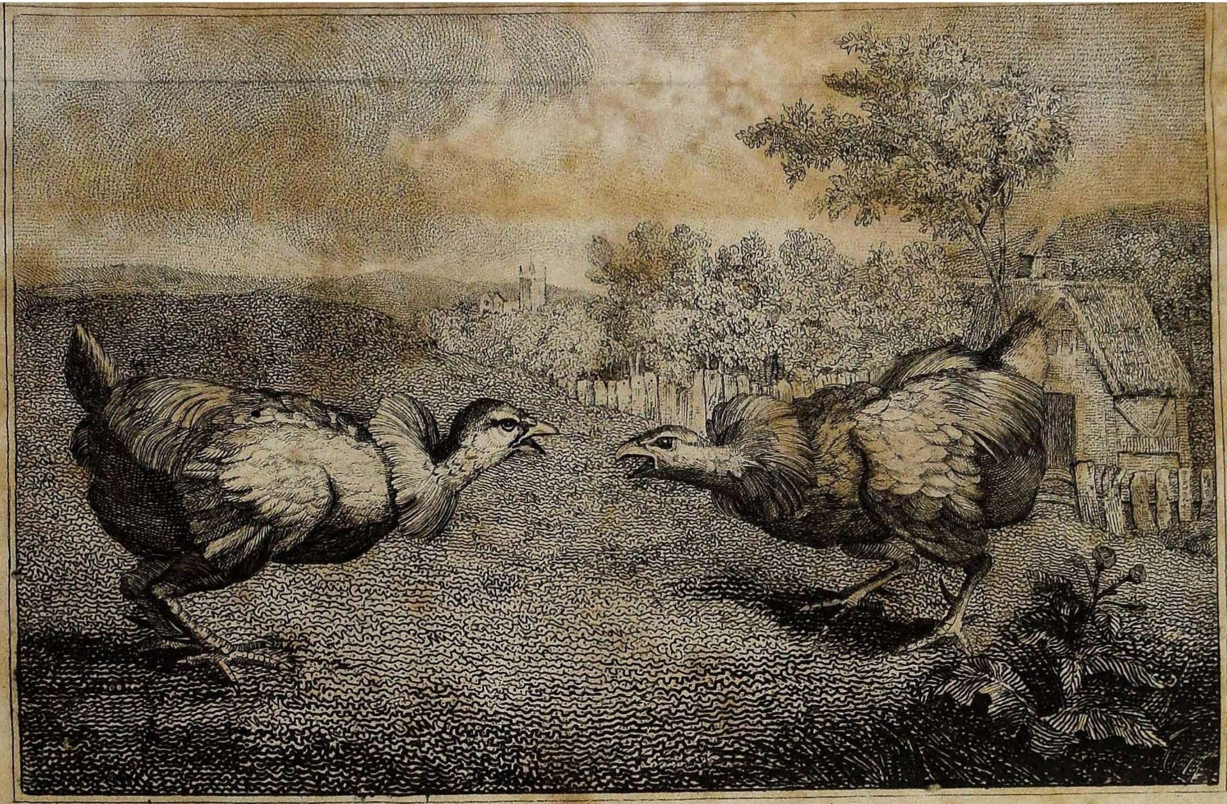
Having taken up your Cocks, examine them well, be sure they are sound, that they be hard *gummed*, and have all their feathers complete; keep them in clean *pens*, and be careful they neither want water nor meat.

For the first four days after your Cocks are *penned*, feed them with the crumb of old manchet cut in square bits, about a handful at a time, and feed them three times a-day, at sun rise, at noon, and at sun going down, and let their water be from the coldest spring you can find.

Having fed your Cocks in this manner for four days, or so long as you think they have purged themselves of their corn, worms, gravel, and other course feeding, then in the morning take them from their *pens*, and let them spar a while.

Sparring is performed in the following manner:—cover your Cocks' heels with *hots* made of leather, and be sure you cover their spurs, that they cannot bruise or wound one another. Having selected some green field or quiet spot, let the champions meet together, but only two at one time, having been first cut out of their feathers for the battle; let them *spar* a good while, but by no means suffer them to draw blood. The benefit that will accrue from this practice is this; the exercise breaks the glut that is within them, chafes their bodies, and prepares them for purgation.

Having *sparred* as much as is sufficient, which you will know when you see them pant and grow weary, then take them up; and, taking off their *hots*, give them a *Diaphoretic*, or sweating, after this manner:—you must put them in deep straw-baskets made for the purpose; or, for want of them, take a couple of *cock-bags*, and fill these with straw about half way, then put in your Cocks severally, and cover



Cocks Sparring.

cover them over to the top, then shut down the lids and let them sweat, but do not forget to give them first some *white sugar-candy chopped rosemary*, and butter, incorporated well together; let the quantity to each bird be about the bigness of a common wall-nut, This will cleanse them of their grease, increase their strength, and prolong their breath.

Towards the evening take them out of their stoves, lick their eyes and heads with your tongue, and return them to their *pens*, and having filled their *troughs* with square cut manchets, make *urine* therein, and let them feed while it is hot, this will cause their scouring to work, and wonderfully cleanse both the head and body.

After this, diet your Cocks with bread made after this manner:—of wheat-meal and oat-meal take each a gallon, and knead them into a stiff paste with ale, the whites of half a score eggs, and some butter; having wrought the dough very well, make it into broad thick cakes, and when they are four days old, cut them into square pieces; do not use liquorice, anniseeds, or hot spices, as some do in their cakes; for these things make the Cock so hot at the heart that at the finish of the battle he will be suffocated and overcome with his own heat. In short, that food is always best which is most consentaneous to his own natural feeding.

The second day after *sparring*, take your Cocks, one at a time, into a fair green close, and having a dunghill cock in your hands, shew it to him and then retreat, still holding out the Cock; by this you will entice him to follow; and now and then permit the game bird to have a blow at that you hold in your hands, and thus chase him up and down for half an hour; when he begins to pant, being well heated, take him up and carry him home, and give him his scouring; take half a pound of fresh butter and beat it in a mortar with the leaves of *herb of grace*, *hysop*, and *rosemary*, till they all look like a green salve; give him thereof a piece as big as a walnut, stove him till evening, and then feed him according to former prescription.

The next day feed him and let him have rest, but *spar* the next day after; thus do for the first fortnight, either *sparring* or *chasing*, and after every heat a scouring, which will keep him from being fat and puffy.

Feed him the second fortnight as you did the first, but you must not *spar* or *chase* him above twice a-week, observing still, that if you heat him much, you must stove him long, and give him a greater quantity of scouring. When well in breath, slight heats, small scourings, and little stoving, will serve the turn and your purpose.

The third fortnight (which is the time thought sufficient for ordering a Cock for battle) you must feed as before, but you must not *spar* him at all for fear of making his head sore, but you may moderately chase him at pleasure.—Then give him his scouring well rolled in *brown sugar-candy*, which will prevent the scouring from making the Cock sick;—now you may let him fight, having first given him rest for four days, observing that he come empty into the pit.

These rules I have always observed, and, from a long experience, pronounce them to be the best.

Anno 1697. F.

DRINKING VESSELS OF THE GOTHS, &c.

Or an Account of the term SKULL *or* SKOLL *as used in old Writings, being an Article in the Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish language, proposed to be published by the Reverend John Jamieson, D. D.—Read April 1803.*

Continued from p. 84.

IT may be added, that *skiel* is still used in Orkney as the name of a flaggon, or wooden drinking vessel with a handle.

Skull is a term of generel use in Scotland for a basket of a semicircular form. It was used in this sense so early as the time of DUNBAR:

Fish wyvés cry Fy, and cast down *skulls* and *skeills*.
Evergreen, ii. p. 59. st. 23.

It is probable that *skiel* was used by him as if it had been synonymous, because of the alliteration. Or, from the resemblance with respect to form, it may actually have been used in the same sense in his time. Eng. *Skillet*, a small kettle, or boiler, might appear at first view to have some affinity. But it seems immediately formed from Fr. *esculette*, a porringer; and this again from Ital. *scudella*, used in the same sense. This is derived from Lat. *scutula*, which was a kind of concave vessel, a saucer. The learned IHRE, in his *Glossarium Suio-Gothicum*, views these French, Italian, and Latin words, as allied to Gothic *skaal*. But it is surprising, that he should consider *skaal* itself as formed, *per crasin*, from Lat. *scutula*. The quotations he has himself made for illustrating this word, certainly supplied him with a far more natural etymon. But before proceeding to this, it may be remarked as a singular analogy, that, according to ATHENÆUS, liv. iv. Gr. σκαλλιον is a small cup, and σκαλις is equivalent to σκαφιον, which signifies a drinking-vessel.

It is highly probable, that a cup or bowl received this name from the barbarous custom which prevailed among several ancient nations, of drinking out of the skulls of their enemies. WARNEFRID, in his work *De Gestis Longobard.*, says, "ALBIN slew CUNIMUND; and having carried away his head, converted it into a drinking-vessel; which kind of cup is with us called *schala*, but in the Latin language it has the name of *patera*," lib. i. cap. 27. The same thing is asserted of the Boii, by LIVY, lib. xxiii. c. 24.; of the Scythians by HERODOTUS, lib. ix.; of their descendants the Scordisci, by RUFUS FESTUS in *Breviario*; of the Gauls by DIODORUS SICULUS, lib. v.; of the Celts by SILIUS ITALICUS, lib. xiv.

At Celtæ vacui capitis circumdare gaudent,
Ossa, nefas! auro, et mensis ea pocula servant.
Vide KEYSLER. *Antiq. Septentr. p.* 363.

Hence, RAGNAR LODBROG, in his death-song, consoles himself with this reflection;—"I shall soon drink beer from the hollow cups made of *skulls*." St. 25. WORMII *Literat. Dan. p.* 203.

The same word in Suio-Goth. signifies both a skull (*cranium*,) and a drinking-vessel. This observation is equally applicable to Germ. *schale*. But IHRE is so unfavourable to this derivation, principally, as it would appear, from its exhibiting

ing our Gothic ancestors as so extremely barbarous, that he considers the human skull as receiving the name of *skaal* from its resemblance to the *patera*, or bowl. This is surely to invert the natural order. Although the northern nations were greatly addicted to inebriety, yet we can scarcely suppose that they found it necessary to borrow a name for their skulls from their drinking-vessels. The skull itself seems to have received this designation from its resemblance to a *shell*, in Ang. Sax. *sceala*, *scala*, Belg. *schaele*, Germ. *schele*, Isl. *skael*, Suio-Goth. and Dan. *skaal*. Allied to this is Moeso-Goth. *skaljos*, the tiling of a roof.

Ihre objects to this etymon, not only on the ground of the inhumanity of the custom supposed to be alluded to; but especially, he says, because he does not find that the word *skaal* is used by ancient writers, as denoting a memorial potation, or the act of drinking in honour of some distinguished personage; adding, that *minne* and *full* are the terms used by old Islandic authors. Even supposing this to be true, it will not disprove the antiquity of the word. Nothing more could reasonably be inferred, than that *skaal*, in more early ages, had retained its original and proper signification, as it is used in the other sense only by a strong metonymy. It was natural to prefer *minne*; for, as literally signifying *memory*, it simply and directly suggested the reason of this particular mode of drinking. Nor need we be surprised, although they even preferred the other term *full*; not only as the figure is less strong, to speak of drinking the *fill* of a cup, than of drinking the cup itself; but also because it referred to the established custom with respect to this draught, that the cup must be *full* and be completely evacuated. This is only to suppose the Islandic word to have been for some time stationary in its meaning, in the same manner with our *skull* or *skoll*. For there is not the slightest evidence that, in the age of Gawin Douglas, it was used in that figurative sense which it bore a century afterwards.

But it is astonishing, that this learned writer, after he has quoted Warnefrid, should lay any stress on this circumstance, " He does not find that the word *skaal* is used by ancient writers." And can he deny this character to Warnefrid, who flourished about the year 774? Does not he say that this kind of cup, made of a human skull, is by the Goths called *schale*? Can any Scandinavian writer be produced, who uses *minne* and *full*, to the exclusion of *skaal*, in an earlier age? There is no evidence that either of these terms was written for some ages after. Warnefrid was not only a writer of great reputation, but himself a *Goth*; and his positive testimony is surely far preferable to the negative evidence deduced from posterior writers. Although it could be proved, as it cannot, that the term was not used, in that early period, in the particular sense referred to, it would by no means follow, that it was unknown in its simple signification, as denoting a drinking-vessel. As the *Longobardi* were a Gothic nation, it is extremely improbable, that a term which had so singular an origin would be unknown to other nations belonging to the same race; although, without any reason that we can see, it might be more used by one nation than by another.

Not

Not only is the meaning of this term, as it occurs in other northern languages, preserved in ours; but the figurative sense is also the same. Thus LOCCENIUS tells us, "Illud nomen in his septentrionalibus locis adhuc ita remanet, ut *dricka skala*, *i. e.* bibere pateram, metonymicè dicatur, quando bibitur alicujus honori et memoriæ, quòd ex hoc vasculo quondam frequentius fieri suetum, notio vocis indicat." *Antiq. Sueo-Goth.* p. 96. "In compotations," says IHRE, "the name of *skaal* is given to the memory of the absent, or the salutation of those who are present, which goes round in the time of drinking;" or more fully, "*dricka ens skaal.*" As Dan. *skaal* signifies a bowl or drinking-vessel; *at dricka ens skaal* is to drink one's health. Voc. *skaal.* In ISIDORUS we find the phrase, "Calices et *scaliæ*, poculorum genera." *Origin.* lib. xx. c. 5.

In the same manner did the ancient Goths express their regard to their sovereigns. They drank the *king's skoll.* Hence WARNEFRID relates, that when GRIMAOLD, King of the Lombards, had determined to kill BERTARIDUS, after he was overpowered with wine, the ministers of the palace being ordered to bring to him liquors, with dishes of various kinds, asked of him, in the king's name, to drink a full bowl in honour of him. But he, suspecting the snare, secretly procured that it should be filled with water. Immediately, promising that he would drink it off in honour of the king, he made a libation, by pouring out a little of the water. *De Gestis Longobard.* lib. v. These *skolls* in honour of the king, as we learn from LOCCENIUS, they used also to drink standing. *Ubi supra.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE AMERICAN TURF.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN order to extend the ideas of your readers upon this subject, I beg leave to hand you an advertisement of a stud, which has just fallen in my way, belonging to J. Tayloe, Esq. of Mount Airy, who is just about to retire from the turf, after some years experience and success; so that you will see their stock in this country is fast improving.—They have their spring and fall meetings here, as we have. Their most conspicuous courses——for they cannot properly be called turfs—are Newmarket, Fairfield, City of Washington, and Fredericksburg; beside these they have many country race grounds; and their racing is good, being most severely contested, running a four mile heat generally in from eight minutes four seconds, to eight minutes fifteen seconds. One of the horses in the accompanying list, ran the four mile heats at Fredericksburg—the first heat in seven minutes fifty-six seconds—the second heat in seven minutes fifty seconds, precisely. This was thought so extraordinary a performance, that it has been engraven on the winning stand by the order of the judge.—The courses are round about, and measure an exact mile; but they are not very well prepared in general.——The prices too of horses here, would astonish our Newmarket gentry, from 4 to 5000 dollars, being the price of a well known racer.

I hope soon to see a match for 3000 dollars, between one of Mr. Tayloe's horses—Peace-maker, now

now in training at this place—and a colt of Mr. Ball's.—Four mile heats.

There is said to be 50,000 dollars betted on this match already, and as much noise made about it as when Hambletonian and Diamond ran. I hope to inform you of the result of this great match. Mr. Tayloe has in his service an English groom, T. Larkin; and an English jockey, Walter Dunn; as an Englishman I attribute his success in some measure to their skill. From one of your regular and constant subcribers,

T. D.

Petersburg, Virginia, near New Market, Aug. 20, 1805.

N.B. This Stud is said to be worth, here, 25,000 dollars.

For Sale, the following well-known Racers in training, Brood Stock, &c. the Property of J. Tayloe, Esq, of Mount Airy.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Peace-Maker, by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed.
Top-Gallant, by ditto.
Hambletonian, by ditto.
Cup Bearer, by Bedford.
Sir Edward, by Cormorant.
Selima, by Spread Eagle, out of Virago, 3 years old, and engaged in the great Stakes at Fairfield, for 4800 dollars.
Ben Youski, by Americus, 3 years old, engaged in a Stake at Ayletts, for 550 dollars.
Gestion, by Spread Eagle, 3 years old, engaged in a Stake of 800 dollars, at Fredericksburg.
Yarico, by Mufti, 3 years old, engaged in a Stake of 600 dollars, at Fairfield.

STALLIONS.

Snap-Dragon.
Skyscraper.

BROOD MARES.

Virago, in foal to the imported Diomed.
Britannia, to Snap-Dragon.
Victoria, to Sir Harry—Juno, to Cup-Bearer—Daphne, to Snap-Dragon—Ruler, to ditto—Black Susan to Diomed. These five are imported Mares.
Giantess—Flaxen—Spanish Mare—Patsy. These four not put to horse this year.
Bellissima, in foal to the imported horse Oscar.

TWO YEAR OLDS.

Rosalie, by Knowsley, out of Calypso,
Telemachus, by Mufti, out of ditto.
Fatima, by the Arabian.
Oberon, by ditto.
Milksop, by Lignum Vitæ.

And many others, to be sold without reserve.

DUELLING.

THE following is the address of Mr. Justice Grose in passing sentence on the Hon. Evelyn Pierrepoint Dormer, convicted in the Court of King's Bench, on the 26th ult. of sending a challenge to Robert Knight, Esq. his brother-in-law:—

" Evelyn Pierrepoint Dormer, you are to receive the judgment of the Court, having confessed that you are guilty of having sent a challenge to Robert Knight, Esq. to provoke him to fight a duel. It is contained in a letter, in which you declare yourself the brother of the prosecutor's wife, and in which you state, ' that the conduct of your sister, since her separation from her husband, has been according

cording to the strictest rules established by the world, and that you should give her your utmost assistance; that she had been grossly abused and ill-treated, and that you were to be found at Kirkham's hotel.' Had this letter alone appeared before a jury, they could have entertained no doubt upon it; but if your intent had not been clear, the second letter would have obviated all difficulty; in that you state, 'that since Mr. Knight was determined to commence a criminal prosecution against you, you begged the Court might be informed of your present opinion of his character, which was, that he was a liar, a coward, and a scoundrel.' Thus you bade all defiance to every Court of Justice. In this criminal transaction what was your intention? It was to take away the life of your sister's husband, and to imbrue your hands in your brother's blood. Although this may be consistent with the mistaken laws of false honour, it is totally inconsistent with the law of the land. It is much to be lamented, that after the unwearied pains taken by the Court to publish the law on this subject, that you, as a gentleman of education and sense, should be ignorant of it. If you did know, and have thus transgressed it, it affords an additional circumstance of aggravation. The letter is not only a challenge, but it was designed to vilify and degrade the prosecutor. Imagine that your brother had fallen a victim to your misguided passions, and that you had been brought before the awful tribunal to receive the dreadful sentence of the law for a horrid and inhuman murder: it is not for the Court to dictate what would then have been your feelings; it leaves you to ponder on what would have been your unfortunate situation, and it is only for the kind application of the prosecutor to the law for his defence, that you are not probably placed in that predicament. The law will not delay to visit, with the greatest severity, those who, like you, bid defiance to Courts of Judicature. As for circumstances of mitigation, we are sorry to see there are none, and in your affidavit there are only some topics surmised, but not stated to the Court. To such grounds of mitigation we can pay no attention, and we are unable to take them into our consideration. Under all the circumstances of the case, this Court does order and adjudge, that you pay to the King a fine of £50, to be committed to the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea for three months, and give security for your peaceable behaviour for three years, yourself in £500, and two sureties in £250 each.

INJURY BY A STAGE COACH.

Common Pleas, Dec. 4.

WARDSWORTH *v.* WILLAN AND OTHERS.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, who is a respectable attorney, to recover a compensation in damages from the defendants, who are proprietors of the Old Northampton Stage Coach, for injury sustained by him, in consequence of the negligence of their coach-driver, on Sunday, the 21st of April last.

The case for the plaintiff, as stated by Mr. Serjeant Cockell was, that the plaintiff was travelling on horseback, on the day above stated, along the road from London towards

wards Finchley, about two o'clock in the day; and, meeting his wife walking along the foot-path on the road side, he rode along close to the foot-path, conversing with her; when, at the foot of the hill, near the White Lion Public House, between Highgate and Finchley, the Old Northampton Stage Coach, coming towards London, was passing at the moment, and at a very rapid rate; but, owing to the carelessness of the driver, came at the *wrong side* of the road according to the established rules of travelling in this country, and so close to where the plaintiff was proceeding gently along, as to frighten his horse, and leave him no room to escape from the carriage; the consequence of which was, that the horse was thrown down by one of the wheels of the carriage, the poor animal's thigh broken, and became useless to the owner, who was at length flung by the fall, in such a manner that the beast rolled over him, and caused his lady to faint, and fall down upon the path-way with terror and alarm.

The facts set out by Mr. Cockell were substantiated by two witnesses. Mr. John Hedges, who was at the White-Lion Public House, and saw the transaction from a window, at about seventy yards distance, proved, that the distance between the coach and the edge of the road, where the plaintiff rode, was about three yards—the road being twelve yards wide; that the coachman drove, at that place, on the side of the road opposite to that which was customary, or according to established usage on the public roads; and a young gentleman, who was crossing a stile near the spot at the moment, proved the circumstance, having measured the breadth of the road at the spot, by the particular desire of Mr. Wardsworth.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defendant, said the accident did not arise from carelessness or inattention of the coachman, but through the bad horsemanship of the plaintiff, and the restiveness of his horse, by which means he was backed against the coach, and into the way of the wheels, so suddenly, that it was impossible for the coachman, with all his skill, to prevent the accident. In support of this statement he called the coachman, J. Charleton, who acknowledged that his coach was about a foot on the wrong side of the centre line of the road; that he saw, at fifty yards distance, the plaintiff on horseback, but was not aware that his horse was skittish until he had passed by the tails of his leaders, when it was impossible for him to drive out of the way; that he did not know of the accident until he had passed the plaintiff, and that it occurred entirely through the plaintiff's bad horsemanship, in checking his horse, and backing him against the body of the coach, between the fore and hind wheels. He said there was room enough on the road for a broad-wheeled waggon to pass him, on the part where the plaintiff was riding, and he saw not the slightest occasion to change his course, even if there had been three horses a-breast riding that way.

Three other witnesses, who were outside passengers, sustained this testimony; after which Mr. Serjeant Cockell addressed the Jury to evidence.

Mr. Justice Rooke, who tried the cause, in summing up, said, the case for their consideration was, not whether the coachman was driving within the distance of a foot on one side or other of the

precise centre of the road—for there was no positive law binding in all cases upon this point—but whether or not the plaintiff was allowed reasonable room to pass along, or so circumstanced, that the mischief occurred not through mere accident, but through the negligence or design of the coachman. If the Jury thought the matter was the result of mere accident, it would be their duty to find for the defendant; but, if by design or carelessness, for the plaintiff.—Verdict for plaintiff £30, being the value of the horse, and 40s. costs.

COURT MARTIAL ON SIR JOHN EAMER.

MEMBERS OF THE COURT.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury, President.

Lord Marsham,	Sir N. Death,
Col. Desborough,	The Hon. Major Talbot,
The Hon. Major Cavendish,	Major Perrot,
Col. Garbett,	Col. Allen,
Col. Waterhouse,	Col. Gibbon,
Col. Campbell,	Major Woolaston,
Major Phillips,	Major Berrington.

THE sentence of the Court Martial on Sir John Eamer, Colonel of the Royal East London Militia, on Thursday the 12th inst. was reported to His Majesty by Sir Charles Morgan, the Judge Advocate-General, and received His Majesty's entire approval; and His Majesty was pleased farther to direct, that, as the peculiarity of the case had excited much public attention, the sentence should be promulgated in General Orders.

This sentence, after pronouncing an honourable acquittal from all the charges which had been preferred against the Colonel of the East London Militia, proceeds to the following severe animadversions on the conduct of other Officers of that regiment:—

"The Court cannot forbear to express, that it would have had satisfaction in discovering, that the motives of the prosecutor, Capt. Ayres, in preferring the charges against his Colonel, had had for their object the ends of public justice, or the good of the service; but it is with regret the Court has found, that most of the charges are unfounded in fact, vexatious, scandalous, and malicious, and arising from private pique and party resentment; and the Court cannot too strongly censure the conduct of Capt. Ayres, in having suffered accusations to lie dormant, and to accumulate; and afterwards, at a distant day, bringing them forward.

" Neither can the Court pass over without animadverting on the conduct of Lieut. Colonel Jennings and Major Wilson, whose rank in the regiment should have led them to have exerted their best endeavours towards healing and conciliating any party animosities which might have made their appearance; whereas, on the contrary, the Court has, with concern, perceived, that instead of their exercising the authority which attaches to their rank, in those endeavours, they have not only been totally indifferent as to the evil consequences which might arise, but have thereby contributed to the dissentions which have prevailed in the regiment; and the Court cannot but observe, that party spirit has even appeared to operate upon their minds in the evidence they have given before this Court.

" The Court are sorry to have occasion farther to observe, in the strongest

strongest terms, upon the conduct of Mr. Tupper, the Surgeon, who has not only been the author of some of the unfounded charges brought against his Colonel, but who has appeared to the Court, during the whole of these proceedings, in the most culpable and reprehensible light, particularly in respect to the first article of the second charge, relative to Francis Reilley; and that he has endeavoured to fix upon his Colonel the responsibility which attached to himself.

"The Court cannot but remark upon the indelicate and unbecoming situation in which Captain Walker, the Adjutant of the regiment, has placed himself, by asisting Capt. Ayres, during the whole of the trial, in the prosecution against his Colonel, upon so many unfounded charges."

His Majesty has been pleased to approve this sentence; and, in consequence of the above representations against Lieut. Colonel Jennings, Major Wilson, Captains Ayres and Walker, and Mr. Tupper, has directed that the above officers be displaced from the regiment.

LAW CASE.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, Dec. 13.

SALUSBURY, ESQ. *v.* SMITH.

MR. ERSKINE stated, that the plaintiff was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Denbighshire Militia, and the defendant, the paymaster of the same regiment; and this action was brought to recover a sum of money which the defendant had received for the use of the plaintiff, and not accounted for. Besides the regular pay to military officers, there were certain contingent allowances which were discharged half-yearly by issues to the agents of each regiment, and through them to the paymasters, and finally to the officers entitled to the benefit of them. He should prove, that the defendant had in his official capacity, received three sums, amounting together to £94, for which he had not given the plaintiff credit. It was proved, that the plaintiff became entitled to the above sum for contingencies, within the period referred to by the evidence, and that the money had been regularly issued to the defendant.

Mr. Park, Counsel for the defendant, said, that unless his instructions were grossly deficient in point of truth, it was lamentable to think that a gentleman who had been long a captain of a company, and was now commandant of a regiment, should have brought such an action as this was. If the documents he should produce were not forgeries, he should shew that the plaintiff had been credited for the whole of what he had instituted this action to recover. He had receipts of the plaintiff which actually covered his demand. These he should offer in evidence, and of course it would appear there was no pretence for the plaintiff's claim.—Receipts in the plaintiff's own handwriting were exhibited to the full extent of his demand.

Lord Ellenborough expressed himself in terms of indignation at the conduct of the plaintiff. A person, said his Lordship, of the plaintiff's rank and station in the army, to come into Court merely to run the chance of a defendant's having lost his receipts, is one of the most disgraceful things I have ever known.

Call

Call the plaintiff, and I hope he will never dare to shew his face again in a Court of Justice.—Plaintiff nonsuited.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BUSTARDS.

SOME day in June 1801, about four in the morning, as a man was riding along about a mile from that village, he saw a large bird about sixty yards above his head. The bird soon after alighting on the ground just before the horse, immediately began its attack: the man alighting, got hold of it, with difficulty, and after an hour's struggle, brought it to Mr. J. Bartley's house. Here, after it had been kept a week, it became very tame, and would at last receive its food from Mr. Bartley's hand, though it was very shy to strangers. Its principal food was birds, which it swallowed whole in the feathers, with great avidity. It would also eat mice, and almost any other animal substance. From June till August, the time it was in Mr. Bartley's possession, it was scarcely ever observed to drink. This bird was supposed to weigh about twenty pounds; it was about three feet and a half high; and its wings extended about five feet. Its plumage was extremely beautiful; and by its gait, which was very majestic, a spectator might suppose it was sensible of its superiority over other birds. In August 1801, it was sold to Lord Temple, for thirty-one guineas. This bird was supposed to be a male, as a nest belonging to its reputed mate, was found in a wheat field near Market Levington Down, while it was in Mr. Bartley's possession; the eggs, three in number, were putrid.

It is related, that, about a fortnight after it was first taken, Mr. Grant, a farmer at Tilshead, while riding from Warminster, was attacked in a similar manner, by the supposed mate of the male bird; but as Mr. Grant's horse took fright, and ran off, it deprived him of effecting his intention of securing the bird.

THE CAT.

IN the year 1798, a cat, with a single kitten, was brought to one of the pupils of the Westminster Hospital, by a person belonging to that Hospital, who had taken them from the hollow part of a decayed tree in the Bird-cage-walk, St. James's Park. At the time they were found, the kitten appeared to be ten or twelve days old. They were taken care of; and the curiosity of the pupils was greatly excited to know, if possible, what inducement the mother could have had to adopt so unusual an asylum for her offspring. After various inquiries in the neighbourhood, to ascertain the owner of the cat, he was at length discovered to be a milkman, who lived in Tothill-fields. This man had also a dog, with which the cat had generally lived on the most friendly terms. During her pregnancy, however, she had become somewhat ill-tempered, and the two animals quarrelled. The consequence of the quarrel was, that the cat, on a sudden, entirely forsook the house, and was lost to the family. What inducement she could have had to wander at least a mile and a half from her home, to take her residence, at last, in a hollow tree, can scarcely be conjectured; unless we may suppose, that this was the first place that presented itself,

itself, likely to afford shelter for herself and her young ones. Although she had only a single kitten when she was found, yet, as she was at that time in an extremely lean and emaciated state, it is not improbable that she might have had more, but had been compelled, by hunger, to devour them, as many other animals are known occasionally to do in such circumstances.

ELEPHANT.

THE Sieur Brue, in his "Travels along the Western Coast of Africa," informs us, that some Frenchmen, in sailing up the river Kurbali, in a boat, found an elephant fast in the mud, which they hoped, in consequence, to make an easy prize. When they got near, they fired at him with their muskets, but the balls only served to enrage the animal. The elephant, fixed as he was in the mud, had no other means of avenging himself, than by filling his trunk with muddy water, and pouring it in a torrent upon his assailants. This was so often repeated, that the men were at length obliged to row off, in order to empty their boat of the mud. In the mean time, continues the writer, with the aid of a strong flood setting down the river, the animal was enabled to swim in safety to the shore, and escape.

He says, that the elephants lie in the mud of the river, sometimes in herds of forty, fifty, or upwards. This, as he conjectures, is for the purpose of cooling and refreshing themselves. He asserts, that they scarcely take any notice of travellers as they pass by them, unless the latter are rash enough to fire at, and wound any of them, in which case they are sometimes known to become dangerous enemies.

According to the account of Capt. Hawkins, written about the year 1608, and published in Purchas's Pilgrims, the Great Mogul kept at that time no fewer than three hundred elephants in the royal stables. These were, at certain times, all brought before him, richly clad in trappings of cloth of gold or velvet. They were so well trained and managed, that Hawkins says, he saw the king command one of his sons, a boy only seven years old, to go to one of the elephants for the purpose of being lifted up in his trunk. The animal performed this part, by taking the child from the ground, and placing him in the hands of one of his keepers. He afterwards, on being ordered, did the same to several other children which were present.

Smith, in the account of his Voyage to Guinea,—performed in the early part of last century—informs us, that the motion of the elephant in the water is so swift, that no ten-oared boat could be able to keep pace with it. He says, that the elephants fed principally on a sort of fruit not unlike a papaw, which grows wild in several parts of Guinea. This fruit is found in abundance upon Tasso Island, and the elephants often swim over thither from the continent, for the purpose of eating it.

THE LION.

A FLORENTINE nobleman had a mule so exceedingly vicious, as to be altogether ungovernable, from its kicking and biting every person that approached it. He ordered it to be turned into the court of his menagerie, and a lion to be let loose upon it. The lion roared aloud when he first observed the animal, but the mule, without seeming at all alarmed, ran into a corner of the court, and so placed herself, that

that she could only be attacked in the rear. In this situation she waited the onset, at the same time watching with the greatest attention all the motions of her adversary. The lion, aware of the difficulty, used all his art, but to no purpose, to throw her off her guard. At last, the mule, seizing a favourable opportunity, gave him such a salute, in the face, with her hind feet, as to beat out eight or ten of his teeth; and to compel the animal to retire to his lodge, without making any farther attempts to seize upon her, and thus leaving her in quiet possession of the field. *Voyage dans l'Afrique Occidentale, par Labat*, vol. ii. p. 16.

It is a vulgar error, that the lion is alarmed at the crowing of a cock. He is, however, said to be frightened at the appearance of serpents near him. Some of the Moors, induced by this notion, when they are pursued by a lion, are said occasionally to loose their turban entirely out, and wave about the twisted linen, so as to make it appear like a serpent. The Sieur Frejus, in his "Travels in Mauritania," informs us, that this will always have the desired effect of driving the animals away.

The natural disposition of the lion is universally allowed to have more of magnanimity and contempt for inferior enemies, than that of most other large and predatory animals. This has induced many persons to relate wonderful, and, in some instances, altogether incredible stories respecting this royal beast. A Jacobin Monk of Versailles, says the Pere Labat, being in slavery at Mequinez, resolved, with a companion, to attempt his escape. They got out of their prison, and travelled during the night only, to a considerable distance, resting in the woods by day, and hiding themselves amongst the bushes. At the end of the second night they came to a pond. This was the first water they had seen since their escape, and of course they approached it with great eagerness; but, when they were at a little distance from the bank, they observed a lion. After some consultation, they agreed to go up to the animal, and submissively to implore his pity: accordingly, they kneeled before the beast, and, in a mournful tone related their misfortunes and miseries. The lion, as they told the story, seemed affected at the relation, and withdrew to some distance from the water. This gave the boldest of the men an opportunity of going down to the pond, and filling his vessels, whilst the other continued his lamentable oration. They afterwards both passed on their way before the lion, which made no attempt whatever either to injure or molest them. The story, as thus related by two superstitious old monks, is too ridiculous to obtain any credit, as to the motives which induced the animal to such a mode of conduct. It, however, may be considered to rest on a better foundation, when it is observed, that the lion might have had his appetite fully satisfied previously to their appearance, and, at that moment, have been too indolent to attempt to injure them. His retiring at the relation of their story, was, no doubt, to suit his own convenience only, thus interrupted as he was by the wanderers.

The Moors use the skin of the lion as quilts for their beds. It is said to have the remarkable property of keeping rats or mice out of any room where it is deposited, for a considerable length of time after it is taken from the animal.

To be continued.

FEAST-

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AT one of the mock auctions in the metropolis, a shrewd Irishman looking in, a day or two since, and after witnessing for some time their manœuvres, he called out to the man with the hammer—"Pray Sir, may I *bid* what I please." "Yes Sir," was the reply of the complaisant Auctioneer;—"Why, then," says Pat, "I *bid* you—a good morning.

THE late Samuel Foote, being at Dover, in his way to France, went into the kitchen of the inn to order a particular dish for his dinner.—The cook, understanding that he was about to embark for France—and perhaps willing to have a satirical stroke at French travellers—was bragging that, for her part, she was never once out of her own country. Foote, who had humour of every kind ready on all occasions, instantly replied, "Why, Cookey, that's very strange, as they tell me above stairs, that you have been several times *all over Grease* (Greece.)" "They may say what they please, above stairs or below stairs," replied the cook, "but I was never ten miles from Dover in all my life."—"Nay, now, that must be a fib," said Foote, "for I have myself seen you at *Spit-head*." The servants by this time caught the joke, and a roar of laughter ran round the kitchen, in which he joined as heartily as the best of them, and which ended in his giving them a crown to drink his health.

A BARBER at Limehouse, who had been a soldier, and who possessed more courage than his acquaintance gave him credit for, was on Thursday, the 12th instant, sent for to shave a dead man in an adjoining house. Strap did not like the job, but was ashamed to decline it. He approached the room with agitated steps, and had no sooner entered it, than his companions locked him in. His fears were excessive, and in his trepidation, he covered the entire face with his suds; upon which the pretended corpse raised his head, and in hollow sepulchral tones, exclaimed, "D—n your eyes Darby, do you want to blind me?" The astonished barber dropped his bason, and fled to the door, but finding that fastened, got out at the window, and was descending by the water-spout; when the supposed dead man, fearful of the consequences of his fright, ran to his assistance, but his presence only increased the terrors of the other, and he at length fell from a height of nearly twenty feet, fortunately without experiencing any serious hurt.

THE GENEROUS CREDITOR.

A BON MOT.

I owe you a drubbing, cries Frank in a pet;
Never mind it, says Tim, I forgive you the debt!

BARON Newman, the celebrated gambler, having been detected in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of this usuage, and asked him what he should do to

to repair his injured honour, "Do!" said the wit, "why, 'tis a plain case; never play *so high* again as long as you live.

An Irish witness at a late trial, gave Mr. Garrow a pleasant retort. The latter had been examining him, as to similarity of hands writing, and finally, as to similarity of countenances. "Do you think, for instance," said Mr. Garrow, "there is any similarity between your countenance and mine?"—"Oh! Sir," said the witness, "*you flatter me too much.*" There was a roar of laughter in the court for some minutes.

A party of sailors, who had been in the battle of Trafalgar, were, a day or two ago, met in Plymouth Dock, by some girls of their acquaintance. "So, Ben," said one of the girls, "you have lost brave Nelson! The dear fellow!—He is gone to Heaven I hope."—"Gone to Heaven!" replied Ben, "to be sure he is—what the hell could stop him?"

On Cooke's lately exclaiming in Richard,—"Catesby, hie thee to the Duke of Norfolk," a wag in the boxes replied, "If you make haste, you'll catch him before he gets home to supper, he having just now left the theatre!"

A person once told the celebrated Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems, but he had so many *irons in the fire* that he did not know what to do. "Then," replied Foote, "*put your poems where your irons are.*"

As a gentleman of the name of *Plaice*, was riding down *Fish*-street-hill, he was precipitated from his horse against a *maid*, who must inevitably have been crushed under a cart laden with *oysters*, returning from Billingsgate, but was fortunately saved by Mrs. *Salmon*, who caught her in her arms just as she was going to fall.

Newmarket Jockies.—Court of King's Bench, December 6.—Irish *v.* Chifney.—The defendant in this action is the celebrated Newmarket Jockey; the plaintiff is a bit-maker. When the cause was called on, Mr. Serjeant Best asked whether or not the defendant was ready to *start?* and being answered in the affirmative, the learned serjeant *led off* in a superior stile. The action was brought upon an agreement signed by the defendant for the payment of £15, which the plaintiff claimed as his due, for making a certain number of *bits* for racers, which bits Mr. Chifney conceived were superior to any others; and the principle of which originated from his own fertile invention.—The agreement was proved by a very respectable witness, and the defendant's counsel endeavoured to *cross* the witness, in order to prove that these bits had been exposed to sale contrary to the order of Mr. Chifney; but on this point he failed, as the witness would not take the *bit;* and although he was finely *rubbed down*, came in for the *legal plate*, without any competitor. There was no kind of defence; and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for fifteen pounds.

It was observed by one of the Counsel present, that Mr. Chifney, on the occasion, was completely *bit*, and that the plaintiff was entitled to the *sweepstakes*.

Theatrical Apology.—Quin hated dancers and dancing, which he thought no part of the business

of

a regular theatre. It happened, however, that the manager obliged him to make an apology for the absence of a favourite dancer, which he delivered in these words:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed, on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ancle: I wish it had been her neck, the b—ch."

A GENTLEMAN of Manchester, as remarkable for his hospitality as he is for an unfortunate want of that essential table accomplishment—carving—had occasion lately to attempt to cut up a fine fat goose; which, after some powerful Herculean exertions, knowing little of the anatomy of the bird, he finished in so dreadful a manner, that a friend of his at the table, good-humouredly observed—he would recommend a board we sometimes see to be stuck up at his door, namely—"*Mangling done here.*"

OUR brethren of Ireland have long been supposed to have an odd way of expressing themselves, and the following advertisement, which appeared in an Irish Journal, will be thought an illustration of this imputed peculiarity:—

"USHERESS WANTED.—There is an Usheress wanted for the Protestant Charity School of Castlebar, in the county of Mayo. An examination as to the qualifications of the several candidates and their *wives* will be holden on Tuesday the 26th instant."

THE Ruling Passion at Church.—Just after the restoration of Charles the Second, one of the enemies of the clergy that succeeded those that were ejected on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew, not wanting in his reports to decry the former, relates—that one of the Royalist clergy, during his sermon, seeing some dogs together by the ears, cried out to his auditors—"Make a ring make a ring, neighbours! I'll lay twenty to one on the little dog's side."

Another, catechising a maid, is said to have asked her what punishment was due to hedge-breakers and hedge-robbers—it is supposed his own had been broken—she answered, "In my opinion, nothing less than hell-fire."—— "G—d d—me," replied the parson, "but thou hast more grace than all the rest of our parish."

SMITH, on his late examination for forgery, urged in his defence, that in so doing, he did not go out of his calling; as *forging* was an essential part of the business of a *Smith*.

IN a provincial paper, a person advertises for an apprentice of a religious turn. He describes himself as "the Pastor of an *Independent* Congregation, and a Manufacturer of *Plush* and *Shag*.

AN Irish print says, that Count Kamir, in his voyage to Greenland, has given a *glowing* description the mountains of *ice*.

IMPROMPTU.

ON THE VARI-COLOURED TEETH OF TWO RIVAL BELLES.

While Cælia's teeth are black as jet,
How white are Chloe's grown!
The truth is—Chloe bought her set;
Cælia's are all her own! NIM.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S DOOR AT MARGATE.

Abraham Young is dwelling here,
And willing to Sarve you far and near—
Chimney Sweeper and Chair Bottomer,
Smoak Jack Cleaner and Fire Defender!

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Friday Dec. 6, the hounds of John Bovey, Esq. with a few couple of Captain Palk's, were thrown off on Bowdley Common, near Ashburton, where presently they took on the drag of a fox, which they soon unkennelled in Borough-Wood adjoining. After being pushed hard twice round the cover, renard took to the open Downs in a most gallant style, first making away for Wells-Tot, from thence to Putsham-Down, Black-slade-Tor, and across the commons to Hound-Tor and Swallaton-down, and on within three miles of Moretonhampstead; when, being closely pressed, he retraced his steps back over Hound-Tor, and at Lean, in Manaton, after a chase of two hours and a half, passing through six parishes, renard was taken above ground quite exhausted. After the above chase, another fox was unkennelled in Yarner-Wood, near where the first was killed, which afforded a hard run for upwards of three hours, in equal style with the first, and was killed above ground in a rabbit warren, at Pulabrook, in the parish of South Bovey. Immediately on the death of this, a third was seen slyly making off from a furze-brake, near where the second was killed, and was run in very good style an hour and three quarters, when night coming on, the hounds were with difficulty taken off; but for that circumstance, he most certainly would have shared the fate of the others. Such a day's sport was scarcely ever seen in Devonshire, and *certainly* now here surpassed.

ON Friday, Dec. 6, the hounds belonging to Wm. Lee Antonie, Esq. had one of the severest runs ever known. At half past ten o'clock they unkenneled a fox at Swineshead wood. He immediately broke cover, and went over the new inclosure, leaving Dean village on the left; bore away towards Covington spinnies, over Hartgrave field, through Hunt's Closes, to Keyston grounds, leaving Raund's old meadow on the left; passed on by the village of Bythorn; then, turning to the right, went over the finest grass grounds imaginable, to Catworth, where he was viewed by Mr. Fletcher, jun. three fields before the hounds; still he went on, climbing immense hills, in a direct line for Huntingdon; but just before he reached Spaldwick town, he turned short to the right, away to Stow; then, on leaving the Great Wood Limmage on the left, went straight away to Kimbolton, and leaped the park pales belonging to his Grace the Duke of Manchester. Here the hounds caught view, and run in to him in the park, after an hour and forty-five minutes of the hardest running ever known.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 10, his Grace the Duke of Rutland's hounds met at a covert in the Vale of Belvoir. There were present a very numerous field of the hardest riders belonging to the hunts in that neighbourhood. The hounds found at the first covert they tried, and went away close at his brush over the forest part of the Vale; they ran without intermission for three hours, and were whipped off at the great

woodlands

woodlands beyond the North Road late in the evening, the fox being but a short distance before them, and the hounds on excellent terms; but as the huntsman and whipper-in had been tired for several miles, the few people present thought it more prudent than running the risk of the hounds being left out all night. It is supposed the distance they ran was full thirty-four miles; or, twenty as the crow flies. The only people at the end were Mr. Forrester, Mr. Craven, and another gentleman with whose name we are unacquainted; also two farmers.

The grand running match which has been for some time pending between Grinley the Boot-closer, and the Brighton Shepherd, was decided on Monday, Nov. 25, in Hyde-Park. Grinley is well known among the sporting men for his uncommon speed; he once engaged to fight, run, and leap, with Berks, the pugilist, for 20 guineas, the best in the three to win the money.—They fought first, and Grinley, after receiving one severe blow on the head, gave in. They next ran 100 yards, when Grinley beat his antagonist with the greatest facility.—Leaping was the decisive trial; Berks covered six yards upon the turf, but Grinley, with apparent ease, exceeded him by half a yard; and having thus won two out of the three, carried off the golden prize in triumph. At eleven o'clock the Brighton Shepherd, attended by his trainer, Mr Peck, arrived at Buckton-hill, while the Boot-closer and his partizans were assembled under the trees on the south side of the Serpentine-river, in consequence of a dispute having occurred respecting the place of starting, for the Shepherd had been accustomed to the turf, whereas the Boot-closer wished to *peg away* upon the gravel. They at last agreed to decide the dispute by tossing up—the chance fell to the son of St. Crispin, who chose the walk leading to Kensington Garden gates. The distance was 120 yards. At three o'clock they were started by Mr. Bailley. The Boot-closer made the play, but was soon overtaken by his antagonist. For some distance they were neck and neck, and it was "Now Shepherd, now Boots," till within twenty yards of the post, when the latter took the lead, and won the race by half a yard. Grinley ran the 120 yards in twelve seconds and a half, which is one second more than the same distance was run in the reign of George the Second, by the Lancashire Hero and the Italian Jew, for 1000gs.

On Monday morning, the 25th of November, between seven and eight o'clock, a foot race, between a gentleman of Rochester and a serjeant of the Guards, for a wager of two guineas, was decided on the road between the Star on Chatham-hill and Rainham. The distance run was four miles.—The Rochester gentleman was the winner; he ran the first two miles in twelve minutes and a half, and the four miles in little more than twenty-seven minutes.—This gentleman, we understand, has been engaged frequently in pedestrian exercises, and makes use of a small riding whip, which, on such occasions, he always carries with him while running, and applied the lash with such severity to his legs, that the blood absolutely trickled down his stockings.

On the evening of the 23d ult. as William Baker, game-keeper to the Right Honourable Lord Selsey, of West Dean, in the county of Sussex, was walking in his Lordship's

woods

woods called Badger's Ditches, near the above place, his foot came in contact with a wire that had been set up to catch hares. This circumstance afforded him an assurance, that the wood was frequented by poachers; and in order to detect them, he procured the assistance of another man, and laid up, himself near the wire, and his companion some little distance from it. All remained quiet till about five the next morning, when baker heard some persons approach, and one of them say "We are discovered,"—which he had no sooner confirmed, by exclaiming ah! ah! are you there? than he was fired upon.—The report of the gun so alarmed the game-keeper's companion, that he jumped from his concealment, and ran out of the wood for assistance; and on his return, found Baker bleeding, but quite dead, having received the whole charge of shot in his body. The perpetrators of this horrid deed escaped unknown; but it is to be hoped they will not long elude the pursuits of justice. The Coroner's jury, on view of the body the next day, returned a verdict of—"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."—Suspicion has fallen on one John Bradston, who absconded immediately after the murder was committed, and for whose apprehension a reward of ten guineas has been offered, with the addition of fifty guineas more, on conviction.

On Monday the 18th ultimo, an inquest was taken at Coates, before W. Trigg, Gent. Coroner, on view of the body of John Smith, servant of Peter Leversage, Esq. of Stroud, who was unfortunately killed, while hunting, by a blow he received, occasioned by his coming in contact with the limb of a tree, when leaping over a hedge; by which the spinal marrow was so much injured that he became paralytic, and died soon after. He was a valuable servant; and his loss is much regretted by his master, to whom the greatest praise is due, for his kind attention and humanity to this unfortunate man, during the short period he survived the sad catastrophe. Verdict, "Accidental death."

Melancholy Accident.—On Saturday the 16th ultimo, as a gentleman was following the fox-hounds across Coldingham-muir, his horse plunged into a bog, and before he could extricate himself, the animal recovered and made off, the foot of the unfortunate rider still sticking in the stirrup. In this situation he was dragged more than half a mile, in spite of the exertions of all present to stop the horse, which was at length accomplised by one of the huntsmen. It is unnecessary to mention that the gentleman was taken up quite dead, and shockingly mangled.

Skaiting.—The frost which had prevailed since Wednesday night, the 11th instant, gave to the amateurs of this *slippery* amusement cheering hopes of a permanent season for their diversion; and on the following Saturday morning the canal in St. James's Park, and the Serpentine-river in Hyde-Park, were frozen strong enough to afford safe footing for the adventurous proficients in the skaiting art.

About noon, the Canal in St. James's Park was tolerably crowded with the steel-shod candidates for admiration and applause, and no inconsiderable share of diversion was afforded by the luckless tumbles of the novices. There was, however, much of excellent skaiting by gentlemen, particularly by some officers of the guards, who, as well by the

rapidity

rapidity and ease, as by the variety of their motions, evinced a consummate proficiency in the art. But that which attracted general attention, was the fascinating performance of a trio of *Graces* in scarlet pelissess, who glided like *Gnomes* over the glassy surface, and performed their mazy movements with so much elegance, taste, and précision, as to excite universal admiration: they were attended by two gentlemen, also excellent skaiters.

The Serpentine had also its share of fashionables, and exhibited much of agility and grace. Des Hayes of the Opera House, was amongst the most conspicuous in skill. Parisot was also present, and much expectation was excited to see her display some of those graceful movements for which she is so eminently distinguished on *another* stage; but she preferred to continue rather a spectator, than an *actress* in this chilling *Opera.*

Sunday morning, *General Frost* was again in the field, and mustered a strong force at an early hour; but about noon, under the influence of a north-west wind, *General Thaw* made his appearance, as if by a *forced march*, and took possession of that part of the Serpentine below Kensington-bridge.—He was immediately reinforced by *General Apprehension*—when *General Frost*, with his adherents, were obliged to confine themselves to the Serpentine within Kensington Gardens, and to the Canal in St. James's Park, where they maintained a respectable stand till near dusk. By this time considerable impression seemed to have been made by *General Thaw*, upon the flanks and wings; and *General Dread* at that moment appearing in view, with *General Appetite* on his right, the *steel-shod* forces of *General Frost*, considering themselves on a very *slippery footing*, retreated without beat of drum, and filed off to their respective quarters.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. a lark was pursued by a hawk into the house of a person of the name of Winter, at Southease, near Lewes, where they were both taken alive, and confined in separate cages; but what is most worthy of remark is, that a similar circumstance occurred in the same house ten years ago, when both birds were also taken and caged in like manner.

One day during the present month, Messrs. Howel and Pierce, rat-catchers, killed, on the premises of the Reverend Mr. Crawley of Rotherfield, a male rat of a very extraordinary size. It measured in length two feet, and weighed exactly two pounds. He was of the red or brown species, and so savage and powerful in his attack upon a small terrier bitch, which in his contest to escape, he seized by the throat, that it was with difficulty she was extricated alive from his choaking bite.

The York Herald thus remarks on the battle between Belcher and the Chicken.—On the whole, the battle was very far from being *bloody*: there was much good *sparring*, but no severe *fighting*.—Many of the raw-boned spectators from the surrounding counties laughed, and concluded in their minds, that any of them could have *thumped* both. Belcher, however, drew the first *crimson*.

As an elderly matron, of a neighbouring town, at no great distance from the city of Chester, was lately taking a morning ride by the side of a wood, she found, as she supposed, a fine hare, just killed by the hounds; she immediately alighted, and taking

ing out her pocket handkerchief, carefully wrapped up Miss Puss, and mounting her Rosinante, rode home highly elated with her good fortune, and ordered puss to be dressed for dinner on Sunday, of which a party of friends were invited to partake. It was observed by the servant, that it did not smell sweet when brought in, but she was desired to hold her tongue, as venison always smelled so. On the Sunday morning, when the servant went to case it, the stench was intolerable, and she ventured to suggest her suspicion that the supposed hare was a fox! This being disputed by the matron, a sage person, well skilled in the knowledge of quadrupeds, was brought in, who very sagaciously gave it in favour of Betty—it being neither less nor more than an old fox, with his head, fore feet, and brush, cut off!

A DREADFUL accident happened in the afternoon of Saturday the 21st instant, at Blankney Heath.—Mr. Charles Clarke, of that place, a respectable farmer and grazier, was near to his own house with a short gun: it was loaded with shot, and he buttoned the piece under his great coat to keep it from wet. In this position it was discharged; the contents lodged in his head, and killed him on the spot. He was in the 32d year of his age, and has left a disconsolate widow and a family of three small children to lament his untimely death.

THE leaders of the chase at Belvoir Castle, are Lord Foley, Sir Stephen Glynn, and Mr. Forrester. Mr. Marriot, of the Inner Temple, the Dean of All Soul's College, is gone into Leicestershire for the remainder of the hunting season; his excellent hunters have been there this week past.

EXTRAORDINAY Pugilism.—A pitched battle for £10 was recently fought at Knightsbridge, between two *tragedians* at a private theatre; which, for the diversion of the spectators, stands unequalled, except by that fought a fortnight ago between a respectable Merchant, and an extensive Proprietor of Billiard-rooms, (see p. 129.) The altercation which brought about this contest is equally singular. One of the *sock and buskin*, who used to play in tragedy, was suddenly seized in the dressing-room by a *sturdy fellow* on pressing business, while preparing to represent Pierre in Venice Preserved; and being thus deprived of this *honour*, the two *champions* laid claim to his part, each contending that he was qualified by superior accomplishments. The dispute became warm, and pistols were introduced; but one of the stage carpenters, also a celebrated tragedian, advised them to decide the dispute by the *fist*, which was agreed to. At setting to, the spectators were astonished at the attitudes of the combatants, and anxiously awaited an attack, but they were disappointed at seeing one of them fall, having kept away from his opponent at the distance of three yards. Each of the subsequent rounds were the same; for, after making many apparent systematical feints, at the distance of three or four yards from each other, they alternately fell without attempting to advance nearer. The seconds attempted to bring the *heroes* to close quarters, but their endeavours were ineffectual, except in one instance, when two minutes was spent in extricating their talons from the hair of the head. The contest delighted a large field of spectators for upwards of an hour, and would have lasted till midnight had not the stakes been drawn.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

COME Christmas, father thou of mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social ev'ning flame,
The jovial song, the winter game;
The chase renew'd in merry tale;
The season's carrols never fail.
Who, though the winter chill the skies,
Can'st catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course;
Or, with unresisted force,
Where frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting across the rapid slide.
Who, e'er the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away;
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn,
With the deeply thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,
While echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow,
To give the well-known tally-ho!
Or shew, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare.
Or, if the blast of winter keen
Spangles o'er the silv'ry green,
Booted high, thou lov'st to tread,
Marking through the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes, with sudden twitt'ring rise.
Or joy'st the early walk to take,
Where, through the pheasant-haunted brake,
Oft, as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager dashing spaniel bounds.
For thee, my buck-skin small-clothes tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright;
The hunter's cap, my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive green's prepar'd:—
Christmas! since these delights are thine,
With thy gay bands I long to join.

NEW PARODIES OF SHAKESPEAR.

BRING in the candles, and then—bring in cards—
If I have luck at this bewitching play,
I shall again my former loss restore.
The rubber won—let me the honours hold,
And cunningly secure the trick at nine.
I know not what amusement of the mind
That can with whist compare: how best to lead,
And to return my partner's suit again.
I needs must study Hoyle afresh, I see:
O sober game! that does almost persuade
Oxford to found a new professorship.—
So intricate, and yet so sweet! thou charm'st
When most thou dost perplex.

OTHELLO. V. 2.

THROW logic to the Dons—I'll none of it—
Come, bring the tables out—give me my box.—
Be seated—Doctor, chance is quite against you.
Come, Sir, dispatch—and Doctor, if thou canst,
Aces at first throw, hit dext'rously a blot;
And by quick taking off, a gammon win.
The dice shall rattle to the very echo
That rattle shall again—take off, I say.

MACBETH. V. 3.

J. J. B.

SONGS FROM THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BALLAD.—*Miss De Camp.*

ONE hundred years ago,
As well as in these times;
The world had specious show,
And just as many crimes.

The

The courtier's ready smile,
Could then false hopes bestow;
Nay, beauty could beguile
One hundred years ago,

Men breath'd the artful vow,
And maids that vow receiv'd;
They flatter'd, e'en as now,
And were as well believ'd.
Young hearts were often sold;
For, if estate were low,
They barter'd love for gold
One hundred years ago.

BALLAD.—*Mrs. Mountain.*

HEIGHO! heigho! my love!
This fond heart beats for you;
And ne'er shall time remove
The flame to reason true.
On vows of youth rely,
Those vows, which passion prove:
Nor coldly hear me cry
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Like weeping clouds of rain,
These tears of mine reprove
Unmerited disdain.
Each pensive gale that sighs
Some pity ought to move;
Their echo well replies
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Ah! view that willow tree!
Which in the vernal grove,
Bends low, and weeps like me.
Relent, O beauteous maid!
Or here I'll ever rove,
And sigh beneath it's shade
Heigho! heigho! my love!

RONDEAU.—*Mrs. Mountain.*

WHERE is Ellen, rural beauty?
Ah! in pity tell me where:
Well she claims a heart of duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

Tho' time should fade the rose of youth,
The mind may still be vernal;
Increase of years but strengthens truth,
And virtue is eternal!—
Where is Ellen, rural beauty?
Point the path, conduct me there;
Reason sanctions fondest duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

Some graces time will steal away,
Some graces nobly cherish;
Beauty, like flowers, must soon decay,
But sense can never perish!
Where then is rural beauty?
Ellen pure, as Ellen fair!
Mine is still a heart of duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

THE NURSE AND NEWSPAPER.

An Occasional Epilogue to the Tragedy of Oroonoko, as performed by the Officers of the Eastern District, for the benefit of the Ipswich Lying-in Charity.

WRITTEN BY MRS. J. COBBOLD.

The scene draws, and discovers an old nurse rocking a cradle; a table near her with bottles, baskets, and a newspaper upon it.

HUSH! pretty darling, hush!—bye! bye! bye! bye!
There's a good child:—so; now it does not cry.
What, shall I sing a song, or story try at,
To keep this little helpless bantling quiet?
It will not, on an honest nurse's conscience,
Be the first baby that was lull'd with nonsense.
Young master sleeps; his caps are neatly laid,
His victuals ready, and the caudle made.
What shall I do the minutes to amuse?
Why, though no *scholard* I can read the news.
But can I understand it?—No; I fear
There's nothing in *my way* to study there.
Well, let me see:
[*Putting on her spectacles, and taking up the newspaper.*]
Dear! dear! who could have thought it?
What's here? all news, as pat as if I'd bought it.
"Labour!" "Deliv'rance!" now, by my discretion,
In ev'ry line a touch at my profession!
[*Reads.*]
"We hear from Boulogne, that the num'rous fry
Of rafts, sloops, brigs, and gun-boats are *laid by*:
The troops, that late were *groaning* for invasion,
Are *crying out* upon a new occasion:
And

And they who Britain's valour dar'd disparage,
Find all their boastings end in—*a miscarriage.*"
Why aye, that's right: but England, free and hearty,
Laugh'd always at their threats and Bonaparte.

[*Reads.*]

"Now *big* with just revenge, the *teeming* North
Collects her troops, and *brings* her myriads *forth;*
She finds that France in lawless sway *increases,*
That Italy is *falling all to pieces:*
Such *times give birth* to more than common zeal,
And Austria *labours* for the public weal,
To fix a lasting peace on balanc'd pow'r,
And bless all Europe with *a happy hour.*"
My stars! how joyous folks will drink and sing!
I'll take a thimble-full to—"Bless the King!

[*Reads.*]

"Vain are the plots the foe to freedom *bred;*
His projects *prettily are brought to bed:*
Soon may the hour be *pregnant* with his doom,
And the Usurper find *his time is come.*"
Lord! Lord! I think the world is *lying-in!*
What's next? O! here advertisements begin;
So, to proceed with decent regularity—

[*Reads.*]

"The annual Meeting of the Ipswich Charity,
Maintain'd by mod'rate weekly contribution."
Aye, this I know 's a glorious institution!
That soothes the hour with pain and grief oppress,
And makes, by timely aid, the cottage blest.
What honest heart but would rejoice to say
This charity *is in a thriving way?*
Still rich in kind protectors, may it flourish,
And Britain's hardier sons and daughters nourish.
I'm sure I wish it well, and so for certain,
Do all our worthy friends behind the curtain.

[*To the audience.*]

Then, since 'tis your applause our *pangs* beguiles,
Since our delights are *cradled* in your smiles,
Assist our *labours, hush to rest* our errors,
And give us *safe deliv'ry* from our terrors.

FAIR PEGGY.

FAIR Peggy like a Poplar grew,
  I lov'd the maiden dearly;
But, ah! she prov'd to me untrue,
  And that was acting queerly.

She gave her love to Simon Snip,
  A dwarfish tawny tailor,
So short, his head just reach'd her hip,
  Whence he can hardly hail her.

For very deaf poor Peggy is,
  Which I forgot before, Sir;
And Simon Snip, her wedded quiz,
  In vain attempts to roar, Sir.

Should Simon Snip give life the slip,
  Poor Peg and I may marry;
Till then I'll take to sea a trip,
  And for my Poplar tarry.

J. M. L.

NATURAL PORTRAIT OF A MALICIOUS BULL.

From Mr. Hurd's Poems, late Professor of Poetry, at Oxford.

.... 'TIS pleasure to approach,
And, by the strong fence shielded, view secure
Thy terrors, Nature, in the savage Bull.
Soon as he marks me, be the tyrant fierce,
To earth descends his head; hard breathe his lungs
Upon the dusty sod.—A sulky leer
Gives double horror to the frowning curls
That wrap his forehead; and ere long is heard,
From the deep cavern of his lordly throat,
The growl insufferable.—Tramples then
The surly brute, impatient of disdain,
And

And spurns the soil with irritated hoof;
Himself inhaler of the dusty sod;
Himself insulted by the pebbly shower,
Which his vain fury raises. Nothing fear'd,
Let him, incens'd, from agitated lungs
Blow his shrill trump acute till echo ring,
And, with a leer of malice, steal away,
Assault and vengeance swearing ere be long!

THE IRISH PIPER,

A NEW SONG.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

WHEN I was a boy, in my father's mud edifice,
Tender and bare as a pig in the sty,
Out of the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
Who but Pat Murphy, the Piper, came by:
Says Paddy, but few play this music; can you play?
Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try.
He told me that he had a charm,
To make the pipes prettily speak,
Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,
And sweetly they set up a squeak.
With a faralla, laralla; Oh, hone, how he handled the drone!
And then such sweet music he blew,
'Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;
And if my father should try to recover me,
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the nose!
So I follow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,
And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
Adieu to my family seat,
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.
With a faralla larralla loo; how sweetly he handled the drone,
And then such sweet music he blew,
'Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

Full five years I follow'd him—nothing could sunder us,
'Till he one morning had taken a sup,
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.
I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?
He was dead as a nail in a door,
Poor Paddy was laid on a shelf;
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself,
With my faralla, laralla loo, to be sure I have got the knack,
To play faralla laralla loo,
Aye, and bubaroo didaroo whack.

ANACREONTIC.

I WOULD, I would—with harp and string,
Th' Atridæ bold and Cadmus sing;
But all my harp-strings yield their tone
To Love alone, to Love alone.

This harp—of late—I chang'd, full well,
The cordage first, and then the shell,
And sung th' Herculean toils sublime;
But she, wild wanton harp—the time—
Was sounding music of her own,
To Love alone, to Love alone.

Ye mighty heroes, then, to you
For evermore adieu! adieu!
For, lo! my harp will yield her tone
To Love alone, to Love alone.

REPARTEE.

ONE day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry—whilst he discharg'd
A thief from jail.—"Go work," he said,
"Go, prithee, learn some *better* trade,
Or, mark my words, you'll rue it."

"My trade's as *good*," replies the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,
The fault, Sir, lies with you—not me—
You *won't let me pursue it.*"